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MISCELLANY
POEMS.

VOL. II.

By several Hands.



THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, at the *Cross-Keys*,
between the *Temple-Gates* in *Fleet-Street*, 1727.





THE
ART
OF
COOKERY,
In Imitation of
HORACE'S Art of Poetry!

By Dr. *KING*.



Vol. II.

A

THE

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ART



THE ART OF POETRY

BY DR. KING

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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THE
ART
OF
COOKERY,
In Imitation of
HORACE'S Art of Poetry.

To Dr. LISTER.

I Ngenious L——, were a picture drawn
With *Cynthia's* face, but with a neck like
brawn;

With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf,
Tho' drawn by *Kneller*, it would make you laugh?

A 2

Such

6 The ART of COOKERY.

Such is (good Sir) the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister dress'd.
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their pow'r in nice variety;
Hence mac'rel seem delightful to the eyes,
Tho' dress'd with incoherent gooseberries,
Crabs, salmon, lobsters are with fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb 'till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcockt eel.

A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd,
What signify scotch collops to a feast?
Or can you make whip'd cream? Pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef?
Who, lately shipwreckt, never can have ease,
'Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease.
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease,
'Till it has render'd all things of one piece:

At

THE ART of COOKERY.

7

At your desert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of cooks
Searching for truth, are couzen'd by its looks.

One would have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey poults fresh'd, from th'egg in butter fry'd,
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,

Prepare your muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.

To vary the same things some think is art,

By larding of hogs-feet, and bacon-tart,

The taste is now to that perfection brought,

That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In *Covent-garden* did a taylor dwell,

Who might deserve a place in his own hell:

Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;

A vest, or breeches singly, but the brute

Cou'd ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:

Rather than frame a supper like such clothes,

I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.

You that from pliant paste wou'd fabricks raise,

Expecting thence to gain immortal praise;

Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know,

Their pow'r to kneed, and give the form to dough;

8 The ART of COOKERY.

Chuse your materials right, your seas'ning fix,
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.

Beauty from order springs, the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate's awry :
The cook must still regard the present time,
T'omit what's just in season is a crime.
Your infant pease to sparrow-grass prefer,
Which to the supper you may best defer.

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations shou'd at least be rare ;
Yet credit to the artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes th'appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by *Britain's* traffick known,
And now by constant use familiar grown ;
What Lord of old wou'd bid his cook prepare,
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, cavare ?
Or wou'd our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault
For want of sugar-tonges, or spoons for salt.
New things produce new words, and thus *Montesb*
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
The seasons change us all, by autumn's frost
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.

But

THE ART OF COOKERY.

But then the spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds arise.
So stubble geese at *Michaelmas* are seen
Upon the spit, next *May* produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark,
What Cavalier would know *St. James's* park?
For *Locket's* stands where gardens once did spring,
And wild ducks quake where grasshoppers did sing.
A princely palace on that space does rise,
Where *Sidney's* noble muse found mulberries.
Since places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where fashion is the rule.

King *Hardicnut* midst *Danes* and *Saxons* stout,
Carous'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on *groat* :
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And when each prince is crown'd, in splendor reigns.

By northern custom, duty was express'd
To friends departed by their fun'ral feast.
Tho' I've consult'd *Holingshead* and *Stow*,
I find it very difficult to know
Who to refresh th'attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first, or *Naples* bisket gave.

Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
 A pye, which still retains his proper name,
 Tho' common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,
 And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
 Good humour reign'd, and pleasures found encrease.
 'Twas usual then, the banquet to prolong,
 By musick's charm, and some delightful song:
 Where ev'ry youth in pleasing accents strove,
 To tell the stratagems and cares of love.
 How some successful were, how others crost:
 Then to the sparkling glass wou'd give his toast:
 Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
 To relish both the musick and the wine.

Why am I styl'd a cook, if I'm so loath
 To marinate my fish, or season broth,
 Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth?
 If I my master's gusto won't discern,
 But thro' my bashful folly scorn to learn?

When among friends good humour takes its birth,
 'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;
 But 'tis not reason therefore you shou'd spare,
 When as their future burgeses you prepare,
 For a fat corporation and their Mayor.

The ART of COOKERY. II

All things shou'd find their room in proper place,
And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have excessive doings at their wake :
Ev'n taylors at their yearly feasts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A Prince who in a forest rides astray,
And weary to some cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl or bisks of fish,
But hungry sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish:
Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hatty rather from the coals:
Pleas'd as King *Henry* with the miller free,
Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?

If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be so your self, or so at least appear.

The things we eat by various juice controul,
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep,
The tender lettuce brings no softer sleep,
Eat beef or pye-crust if you'd serious be :
Your shell-fish raises *Venus* from the sea:

12 The ART of COOKERY.

For nature that inclines to ill or good,
Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,
To whom she much has giv'n, and much deny'd:
With abstinence all delicacies he sees,
And can regale himself with toast and cheese.

Your betters will despise you if they see,
Things that are far surpassing your degree;
Therefore beyond your substance never treat,
'Tis plenty in small fortune to be neat.
'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.
A widow has cold pye, nurse gives you cake,
From gen'rous merchants ham or surgeon take,
The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of *May*.
Cornwal squab-pye, and *Devon* white-pot brings,
And *Lie'ster* beans and bacon, food of Kings!

At *Christmas* time be careful of your fame,
See the old tenant's table be the same;
Then if you would send up the brawler's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:

His

The ART of COOKERY. 13

His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
 Or 'midst those thund'ring spears an orange place,
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
 The roguish mustard, dang'rous to the nose,
 Sack and the well-spiced *Hippocras* the wine,
 Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
 Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine.

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
 Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
 Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,
 By vent'ring out too far you may be lost.
 By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
 And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
 That cook to *British* palates is compleat,
 Whose fav'ry hand gives turns to common meat.

Tho' cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
 Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
 In what an awkward sound that ancient ballad ran,
 Which with this blust'ring paragraph began?

There was a Prince of Lubberland,
 A potentate of high command.
 Ten thousand bakers did attend him,
 Ten thousand brewers did befriend him;

14 The ART of COOKERY.

These brought him kissing crusts, and those
Brought him small beer before he rose.

The Author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the cry produces little wool:

So if you sue a beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? a louse.

Homer more modest, if we search his books,
Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks;

How lov'd *Patroclus* with *Achilles* joins,
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.

Oh could that poet live! cou'd he rehearse
Thy journey *L—* in immortal verse!

Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,
That he might taste their soups and mushrooms know.

Oh how would *Homer* praise their dancing dogs,
Their stinking cheese, and frigacy of frogs!

He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,
Of boys with custard choak'd at *Newbury*;

But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons wou'd engage,
Suit well your eatables to ev'ry age.

The fav'rite child that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his silver bells and rattle,

THE ART OF COOKERY. 15

Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,
'Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated fupper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.

The fmooth-fac'd youth that has new guardians
chofe,

From play-houfe fteps to fupper at the *Rofe*,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squand'ring of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating muft be little, coftly, nice.
Maturer age to this delight grown ftrange,
Each night frequents his club behind the *Change*,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rifing from a fheriff's wealth:
Unlefs he fome infurance dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents *Pontack's*.

But then old age, by ftill intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morofe, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he ftill abounds, the lefs content,
His larder and his kitchen too obferves,
And now, left he fhould want hereafter, ftarves:
Thinks fcorn of all the prefent age can give,
And none thefe threefcore years knew how to live.

16 The ART of COOKERY.

But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlor have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next let discretion moderate your cost,
And when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by,
Then you may put a dwarf into a pye.
Or if you'd fright an Alderman or Mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Croud not your table, let your number be
Not more than sev'n, and never less than three.

'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.

Make

Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
 With *Indian* sugar and *Arabian* spice :
 And let your various creams incircled be
 With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
 Let plates and dishes be from *China* brought,
 With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
 The Feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursu'd :
 The cheerful master midst his jovial friends,
 His glass to their best wishes recommends.
 The grace cup follows to his sovereign's health,
 And to his country, plenty, peace and wealth.
 Performing then the piety of grace,
 Each man that pleases, re-assumes his place :
 While at his gate from such abundant store,
 He showr's his godlike blessings on the poor.

In days of old our fathers went to war,
 Expecting sturdy blows, and hardy fare :
 Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
 And in their basket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.
 Some officer perhaps might give consent,
 To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,

Where

18 The ART of COOKERY.

Where ev'ry thing that ev'ry soldier got,
 Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
 Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
 But when our conquests were extensive grown,
 And thro' the world our *British* worth was known,
 Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
 Their champaign sparkled equal with their lace:
 Quails, beccofico's, ortelans were sent
 To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent;
 In their gilt plate all delicacies were seen,
 And what was earth before became a rich terrene.

When the young players get to *Islington*,
 They fondly think that all the world's their own:
 Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet,
 He that is drunk, or bully'd, pays the treat.
 Their talk is loose, and o'er the bouncing ale,
 At constables and justices they rail.
 Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
 That common-council men 'twill thither bring,
 Where many a man at variance with his wife,
 With soft'ning mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.
 Ev'n Squires come there, and with their mean
 discourse,

Render the kitchen, which they fit in, worse.

Midwives

THE ART OF COOKERY. 19

Midwives demure, and chamber-maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings rev'ling with delight;
What these approve the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike,
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest, shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'd richly then compose an *Ambigue*:
Where first and second course, and your desert
All in our single table have their part;
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread;
The *French* our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;

They

20 **The ART of COOKERY.**

They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin honey strew'd.
Inspid taste, old friend, to them who *Paris* know,
Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlick grow

Tom Bold did first begin the stroling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart ;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell pecks of pease.
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimsey-boards went round.
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall ;
Her currants there and gooseberries were spread
With the enticing gold of gingerbread :
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers were cry'd,
And ev'ry found, and ev'ry voice was try'd.
At last the law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the *Sunday* should have rest ;
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk and mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not *French* kick-shaws, or oglio's brought from *Spain*,
Alone have found improvement from their brain ;

But

The ART of COOKERY. 21

But pudding, brawn, and white-pots own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our *British* fleet which now commands the main
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Wou'd they take time: Wou'd they with leifure work,
With care would salt their beef, and cure their pork;
Wou'd boil that liquor well whene'er they brew,
Their conquest half is to the victualler due.

Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things, if rightly understood;
Old *Cross* condemns all persons to be fops
That can't regale themselves with mutton chops:
He often for stufft beef to *Bedlam* runs,
And the clean *Rummer*, as the Pest-house, shuns,
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
And then he faints those fry'rs who stink of fish.
As for my self, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, tho' plain;
But tho' my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what's choice, what plentiful, what
waste,
And lead him thro' the various maze of taste,

The

The fundamental principle of all
 Is what ingenious cooks the relish call;
 For when the market sends in loads of food,
 They all are tasteless 'till that makes them good.
 Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
 To know for whom it is you wou'd prepare:
 You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
 A testy father, or a haughty mother:
 Wou'd mollifie a judge, wou'd cram a squire,
 Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
 Or wou'd perhaps some hasty supper give,
 To shew the splendid state in which you live.
 Pursuant to that int'rest you propose,
 Must all your wines and all your meat be chose.
 Let men and manners ev'ry dish adapt,
 Who'd force his pepper where his guests are clapt?
 A caldron of fat beef, and stoop of ale,
 On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
 Than if you give them with the nicest art
 Ragousts of peacocks brains, or fibert tart.

The *French* by soups and haut-gousts glory raise,
 And their desires all terminate in praise.
 The thrifty maxim of the wary *Dutch*,
 Is to save all the money they can touch.

Hans, cries the father, see a pin lies there,

A pin a day will fetch a groat a year.

To your five farthings join three farthings more.

And they, if added, make your half-pence four.

Thus may your stock by management encrease,

Your wars shall gain you more than *Britain's* peace.

Where love of wealth, and rusty coin prevail,

What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,

Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:

Clog not your constant meals, for dishes few

Encrease the appetite, when choice and new.

Ev'n they who will extravagance profess,

Have still an inward hatred for excess.

Meat forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,

Few care for carving trifles in disguise,

Or that fantastick dish some call *Surprise*.

When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,

That cook has render'd his great work complete:

His glory far, like *Sir-loin's* knighthood, flies,

Immortal made, as *Kit-cat* by his pyes.

Good-nature must some failings over-look,

Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.

A string

24 The ART of COOKERY.

A string wont always give the sound design'd
 By the musician's touch, and heavenly mind;
 Nor will an arrow from the *Parthian* bow
 Still to the destin'd point directly go.
 Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
 Or no fry'd parsley scatter'd on the fish;
 Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
 And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,
 For things which carelessness might oversee,
 And all mankind commit as well as he?
 I with compassion once may overlook
 A sc sewer sent to table by my cook:
 But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
 That he shall daily the same fault commit,
 For fear the rascal send me up the spit.

Poor *Roger Fowler* had a gen'rous mind,
 Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
 But aim'd at all, yet never cou'd excel
 In any thing but stuffing of his veal:
 But when that dish was in perfection seen,
 And that alone, wou'd it not move your spleen?
 'Tis true, in a long work soft slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the artist into sleep.

Ev'n

The ART of COOKERY. 25

Ev'n *Lamb* himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some chargers not exactly dress'd.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their delicace command :
Some should be mov'd when broken, others last
Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son :
" Tho' wise thy self (says he) tho' taught by me,
" Yet fix this sentence in thy memory :
" There are some certain things that don't excel,
" And yet we say are tolerably well :
" There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
" Whom they distinguish as of middle size,
" For pleading well at bar, or turning books,
" But this is not (my son) the fate of cooks,
" From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
" To *stall* of *Garter* and to *throne* of kings,
" A simple scene, a disobliging song,
" Which no way to the main design belong,
" Or were they absent, never wou'd be miss'd,
" Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd :

" So

26 The ART of COOKERY.

“ So in a feast, no intermediate fault
 “ Will be allow’d, but if not best, ’tis naught. ”

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains
 From nine-pins, coits, and from trap-ball abstains :
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,
 Left *Vinegar* resounds his loud disgrace.
 But ev’ry one to cookery pretends,
 Nor maid, nor mistress, e’er consult their friends.
 But, Sir, if you would roast a pig, be free ;
 Why not with *Brawn*, with *Locket*, or with me ?
 We’ll see when ’tis enough, when both eyes out,
 Or if it wants the nice concluding bout :
 But if it lies too long the crackling’s pall’d,
 Not by the drudging-box to be recall’d.

Our *Cambrian* fathers sparing in their food,
 First broil’d their hunted goats on bars of wood.
 Sharp hunger was their seas’ning, or they took
 Such salt as issu’d from the native rock.
 Their sallading was never far to seek,
 The poynant water-grafs, or fav’ry leek ;
 Until the *British* bards adorn’d this isle,
 And taught them how to roast, and how to boil :
 Then *Thaliessen* rose and sweetly strung
 His *British* harp, instructing whilst he sung :

Taught

Taught them that honesty they still possess,
 Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,
 Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
 And inward worth, which always recommends;
 Contempt of wealth and pleasure to appear
 To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
 In after-ages *Arthur* taught his knights
 At his round table to record their fights,
 Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
 Monsters subdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
 Inspir'd that *Cambrian* soul which ne'er can yield.
 Then *Guy*, the pride of *Warwick*, truly great,
 To future heroes due example set;
 By his capacious cauldron made appear,
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
 The present age to gallantry enclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit and mirth partakes,
 May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks,
 His name may be to future times enroll'd
 In *Estcourt's* book, whose gridir'ns fram'd of gold.
 Scorn not these lines design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.

28 The ART of COOKERY.

'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books :
That man will never frame a noble treat
Whose whole dependance lies on some receipt.
Then by pure nature ev'ry thing is spoil'd,
She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and
boil'd.

When art and nature join, th'effect will be
Some nice ragoust, or charming fricasie.

The lad that wou'd his genius so advance,
That on the rope he might securely dance,
From tender years inures himself to pains,
To summer's parching heat and winter's rains,
And from the fire of wine and love abstains:
No artist can his haut-boys stops command,
Unless some skilful master form his hand ;
But gentry take their cooks tho' never try'd,
It seems no more to them than up and ride.
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool,
That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

Ox-cheek when hot, and wardens bak'd some cry,
But 'tis with an intention men should buy.
Others abound with such a plenteous store,
That if you'll let them treat they'll ask no more :

And

And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
 To see their port admir'd, and table full.
 But then amidst that cringing fawning crowd,
 Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
 Who with such grace his honour's actions praise;
 How well he fences, dances, sings and plays;
 Tell him his liv'ry's rich, his chariot's fine,
 How choice his meat, and delicate his wine;
 Surrounded thus, how should the youth descry
 The happiness of friendship from a lie?
 Friends act with cautious temper when sincere,
 But flatt'ring impudence is void of care:
 So at an *Irish* funeral appears
 A train of drabs with mercenary tears;
 Who wringing of their hands with hideous moan,
 Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
 While real grief with silent steps proceeds,
 And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
 Hard fate of wealth; were Lords, as butchers wife,
 They from their meat wou'd banish all the flies:
 The *Persian* kings with wine and massy bowl
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul;
 That so laid open, no one might pretend,
 Unless a man of worth, to be their friend;

30 The ART of COOKERY.

But now the guests their patrons undermine,
 And slander them for giving them their wine.
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought, }
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught, }
 They spread the net, and will themselves be caught. }
 Were *Horace*, that great master, now alive,
 A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.
 As thus——supposing that you would rehearse
 A labour'd work, and every dish a verse:
 He'd say, mend this, and t'other line, and this,
 If after tryal it were still amiss;
 He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
 Or set some dish more curious in its place.
 If you persist, he would not strive to move
 A passion so delightful as self-love.

We shou'd submit our treats to criticks view,
 And ev'ry prudent cook shou'd read *Bossu*.
 Judgment provides the meat in season fit,
 Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is wit.
 Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,
 Come up to the decorum of the stage.
 The critick strikes out all that is not just,
 And 'tis e'en so the butler chips his crust.

Poets

The ART of COOKERY. 31

Poets and pastry cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.
Chimera's from the poet's fancies flow,
The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When truth commands, there's no man can offend
That with a modest love corrects his friend.
Tho' 'tis in toasting bread, or butt'ring pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.
But why shou'd we reprove when faults are small?
Because 'tis better to have none at all.
There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please,
A kitchen will admit of no disease.
The fowler and the huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.
Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise,
A name immortal by unusual ways;
At last his fancies grew so very odd,
He thought by roasting to be made a God.
Tho' fat he leapt with his unweildy stuff
In *Ætna's* flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a stander by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

32 The ART of COOKERY.

There are some persons so excessive rude,
 That to your private table they'll intrude.
 In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,
 Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.
 You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
 Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.
 Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
 And, as you're scamp'ring, stop you in your coach.
 Then think of all your sins, and you will see
 How right your guilt and punishment agree :
 Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
 But you would throw some debtor into jail.
 Now mark th'effect of his prevailing curse,
 You are detain'd by something that is worse.
 Were it in my election I should chuse,
 To meet a rav'nous wolf, or bear got loose :
 He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
 No quarter from the parasite you'll get ;
 But like a leech well-fix'd he'll suck what's good,
 And never part 'till satisfy'd with blood.



An Imitation of
HORACE'S Invitation
 OF
TORQUATUS to Supper.
 WHICH IS
The Fifth Epistle to his First Book.

By the Same.

I F *Belluill* can his gen'rous soul confine
 To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
 I shall expect my happiness at nine. }
 Two bottles of smooth *Palm*, or *Anjou* white,
 Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight.

B 4

Then

'Then for the *Bordeaux* you may freely ask,
But the *Champaigne* is to each man his flask.
I tell you with what force I keep the field,
And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.
The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
And glitt'ring salvers on the side-board laid.
Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
The gen'ral's counsels, and the statesman's fears:
Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
Sacred to *British* worth in *Blenheim's* fight.
The blessings of good fortune seem refus'd,
Unless sometimes with gen'rous freedom us'd.
'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
A vast excess of wealth for squand'ring heirs.
Must I of neither wine, nor mirth partake,
Lest the censorious world should call me rake?
Who unacquainted with the gen'rous wine,
E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms:
Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free:
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
 Or when the dish is chang'd; the servants gone:
 For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
 Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.
 Then for the company, I'll see it chose,
 Their emblematick signal is the *Rose*.
 If you of *Freeman's* raillery approve,
 Of *Cotton's* laugh, and *Winner's* tales of love,
 And *Bellair's* charming voice may be allow'd,
 What can you hope for better from a crow'd?
 But I shall not prescribe, consult your ease,
 Write back your men, and number as you please:
 Try your back-stairs, and let your lobby wait,
 A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.





T H E
Old C H E E S E.

By the Same.

YOUNG *Slouch* the farmer had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd
 The wit which nature had to him deny'd;
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than *Slouch* afraid.
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, *Slouch* could hardly call his foul his own:
 For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:

Yet still into his story she would break,
With, 'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak.
His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not differing much from calling of him, Fool ;
Told him he must exert himself, and be
In fact the master of his family.
He said, that the next *Tuesday* noon would show
Whether he were the Lord at home, or no ;
When their good company he would entreat
To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat.
With aking heart home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear *Sue*key, that one day at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.
I'll grant your wish, cries she, that thou may'st see
'Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me.
The guests upon the day appointed came,
Each bowsy farmer with his simp'ring dame.
Hoe! *Sue*! cries *Slouch*, why dost not thou appear ?
Are these thy manners when aunt *Snap* is here ?
I pardon ask, says *Sue*, I'd not offend
Any my dear invites. much lets his friend.
Slouch by his kinsman *Gruffy* had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault,

And make the main ingredient of his treat;
 His saying there was nothing fit to eat;
 The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef's not enough,
 The bacon's rusty, and the hens are tough;
 The veal's all rags, the butter's turn'd to oil;
 And thus I buy good meat for fluts to spoil.
 'Tis we are the first *slouches* ever fate
 Down to a pudding without plumbs or fat.
 What teeth or stomach's strong enough to feed
 Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?
 Why must old pidgeons, and they stale, be dress'd,
 When there's so many squab ones in the nest?
 This beer is sour, this musty, thick, and stale,
 And worse than any thing, except the ale.

Sue all this while many excuses made,
 Some things she own'd, at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oftner on the maid.
 Then cheese was brought. Says *Slouch*, This e'en
 shall roll:

I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl:
 This is skim-milk, and therefore it shall go,
 And this, because 'tis *Suffolk*, follow too.
 But now *Sue's* patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last,

Pray let me rise, says *Sue*; my dear, I'll find
 A cheese perhaps may be to *lovy's* mind.
 Then in an entry, standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends might see:
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt;
 I'll try, my joy, she cry'd, if I can please
 My dearest with a taste of his old cheese.
Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang: Is't the old cheese, my dear?
 No need, no need of cheese, cries *Slouch*, I'll swear:
 I think I've din'd as well as my Lord-Mayor.





THE
SKILLET.

By the Same.

TWO neighbours, *Clod* and *Jolt*, would marry'd be;

But did not in their choice of wives agree.

Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast
With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest;
Therefore resolving never to be such,

Married a wife none but himself could touch,
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by fate.

Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
To a young handsome jolly lafs made court,
And gave his friends convincing reason for't,

That

That since in life such mischief may be had,
Beauty had something still that was not bad.
Within two months fortune was pleas'd to send
A tinker to *Clod's* house with *Brass* to mend.
The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
And found his chine was large, tho' count'nance dark.
First she appears in all her airs, then tries
The squinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was spent, and much desire express:
At last the tinker cry'd, Few words are best;
Give me that skillet then, and if I'm true,
I dearly earn it for the work I do.
They 'greed: they parted; on the tinker goes
With the same stroke of pan, and twang of nose,
'Till he at *Jolt's* beheld a sprightly dame,
That set his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
And can you then let a young tinker die?
Says she, Give me your skillet then, and try.
My skillet! Both my heart and skillet take;
I wish it were a copper for your sake.
After all this, not many days did pass,
Clod sitting at *Jolt's* house survey'd the brass.

And

And glitt'ring pewter standing on the shelf.
Then, after some gruff mutt'ring with himself,
Cry'd, prithee, *Jolt*, how came that skillet thine ?
You know as well as I, quoth *Jolt*, 't'en't mine ;
But I'll ask *Nan*. 'Twas done ; *Nan* told the matter
In truth as 'twas ; then cry'd, You've got the better :
For tell me, dearest, whether you would chuse
To be a gainer by me, or to lose.
As for our neighbour *Clod*, this I dare say,
We've beauty and a skillet more than they.





THE
FISHERMAN.

By the Same.

TO M Banks by native industry was taught
The various arts how fishes might be caught;
Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
Expecting 'till deceit had gain'd its prize.
Sometimes in riv'let quick and water clear
They'd meet a fate more gen'rous from his spear.
To baskets oft he'd pliant ozers turn,
Where they might entrance find, but no return.
His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
Encircling thus his captives all below.

But

But when he would a quick destruction make,
 And from afar much larger booty take,
 He'd thro' the stream, where most descending, set
 From side to side his strong capacious net;
 And then his rustick crew with mighty poles,
 Would drive his prey out from their ouzy holes.
 And so pursue 'em down the rolling flood,
 Gasping for breath, and almost choak'd with mud;
 'Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,
 Were in the mash with gills entangl'd left.
 Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his

Beer

Was good, unless he had his water clear;
 He goes to *Banks*, and thus begins his tale:
 Lord! if ye knew but how the people rail:
 They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,
 With water sometimes ink and sometimes whey,
 According as you meet with mud or clay.
 Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,
 And now the blame of this all's laid on you;
 For it will be a dismal thing to think
 How we old *Trots* must live and have no drink:
 Therefore, I pray, some other method take
 Of fishing, were it only for our sake.

Says

Says *Banks*, I'm sorry it should be my lot
Ever to disoblige my gossip *Tros* :
Yet t'ent my fault; but so 'tis fortune tries one
To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;
And so we pray for winds upon this coast,
By which on t'other natives may be lost.
Therefore in patience rest, tho' I proceed;
There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.
Tho' for your use this water will not serve,
I'd rather you shou'd choak than I shou'd starve.





Little M O U T H S.

By the Same.

FROM *London*, *Paul* the carrier coming down
 To *Wantage*, meets a beauty of the town ;
 They both accost with salutation pretty,
 As how dost *Paul*? Thank ye, and how dost *Betty*?
 Did'st see our *Jack*, nor sister? No, you've seen,
 I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen.
 Many words spoke in jest, says *Paul*, are true,
 I came from *Windfor*, and if some folks knew
 As much as I, it might be well for you. }
 Lord, *Paul*! what is't? why give me something for't,
 This kiss, and this. The matter's then in short,
 The parliament have made a proclamation,
 Which will this week be sent all round the nation ;
 That

That maids with little mouths do all prepare
On *Sunday* next to come before the Mayor,
And that all batchelors be likewise there.

For maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
From these young men chuse two apiece.

Betty with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips with simp'r'ing grace,
Cries, hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
For husbands, when we little mouths have two?
Hold, not so fast, cries he, pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
three.

Betty distorts her face with hideous squawl,
And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
Oh! Ho! Is't so, The case is alter'd *Paul*.
Is that the point? I wish the three were ten,
I warrant I'll find mouth if they'll find men.





Hold fast below.

By the Same.

THERE was a lad th'unluckiest of his crew,
 Was still contriving something bad, but new:
 His comrades all obedience to him paid,
 In executing what designs he laid;
 'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
 His foot was safe whilst their's was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree,
 None should presume to be so wise as he;
 But being at the top of all affairs,
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs:
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
 He

He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day

He cries to 'em as going just to play :

What a rare jack-daw's nest is there, look up,

You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top.

Ah, says another, we can have no hope

Of getting thither to't without a rope.

Says then the fleering spark with courteous grin,

By which he drew his infant cullies in ;

Nothing more easy : Did you never see

How in swarm bees hanging bee by a bee

Make a long sort of rope below the tree.

Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr. *John* !

For that contrivance pray let me alone.

Tom shall hold *Will*, you *Will*, and I'll hold you,

And then I warrant you the thing will do.

But if there's any does not care to try,

Let us have no jack-daws, and what care I !

That touch'd the quick, and so they soon comply'd,

No argument like that was e'er deny'd,

And therefore instantly the thing was try'd.

They hanging down on strength above depend,

Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,

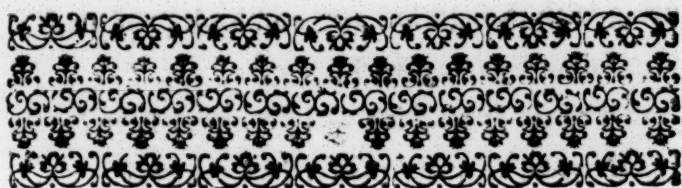
The dogs are almost useless grown to me,

I ne'er shall have such opportunity

To

To part with 'em: and so e'en let 'em go,
Then cries aloud: So ho! my lads! so ho
You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below,
They've serv'd my turn, so its fit time to drop 'em,
The devil, if he wants 'em, let him stop 'em,





The INCURIOUS.

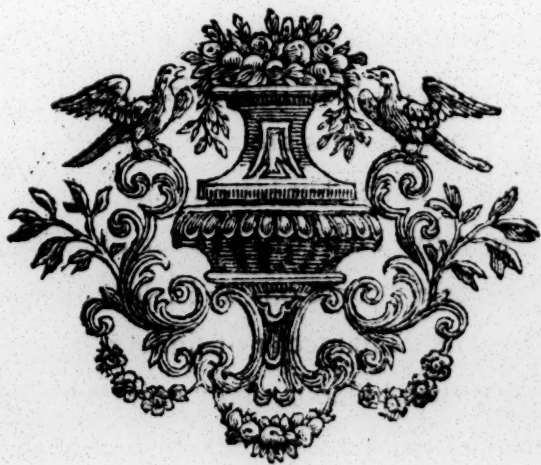
By the Same.

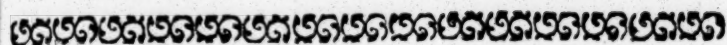
A Virtuoso had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree;
 He had a servant much of *Æsop's* kind,
 Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind:
Humpus, says he, I order that you find
 Out such a man, with such a character,
 He, in this paper now I give you here,
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 For I will break your back, and set you strait,
 Bring him to dinner. *Humpus* soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view,

At *Covent Garden* dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say? who is't will go any where?
Says *Humpus*, Sir, my master bad me pray
Your company to dine with him to day.
He snuffs; then follows, up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But looking round him saw a handsom room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
The master thus accosts him, " Sir, you're wet
" Pray have a cushion underneath your feet.
Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care;
I see he has eleven more to spare.
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
This is not very usual thinks the clown,
But is not all the family his own;
And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?

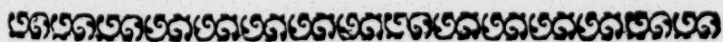
If from his table she discarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me.
After a while the daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he the better from the fairer hand.
Young master next must rise to fill him wine
And starve himself to see the booby dine.
He do'st. The father asks, what have you there?
How dare you give a stranger vinegar?
Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him; Sir, indeed!
Take him and scourge him 'till the rascal bleed;
Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try
If cat and nine tails can excuse a lie.
Thinks the clown that 'twas wine I do believe;
But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
And how know I but 't may be for his good?
When the desert come on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault,
They were such hideous, filthy pois'nous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made e'm. Trembling he
Said, " Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me.

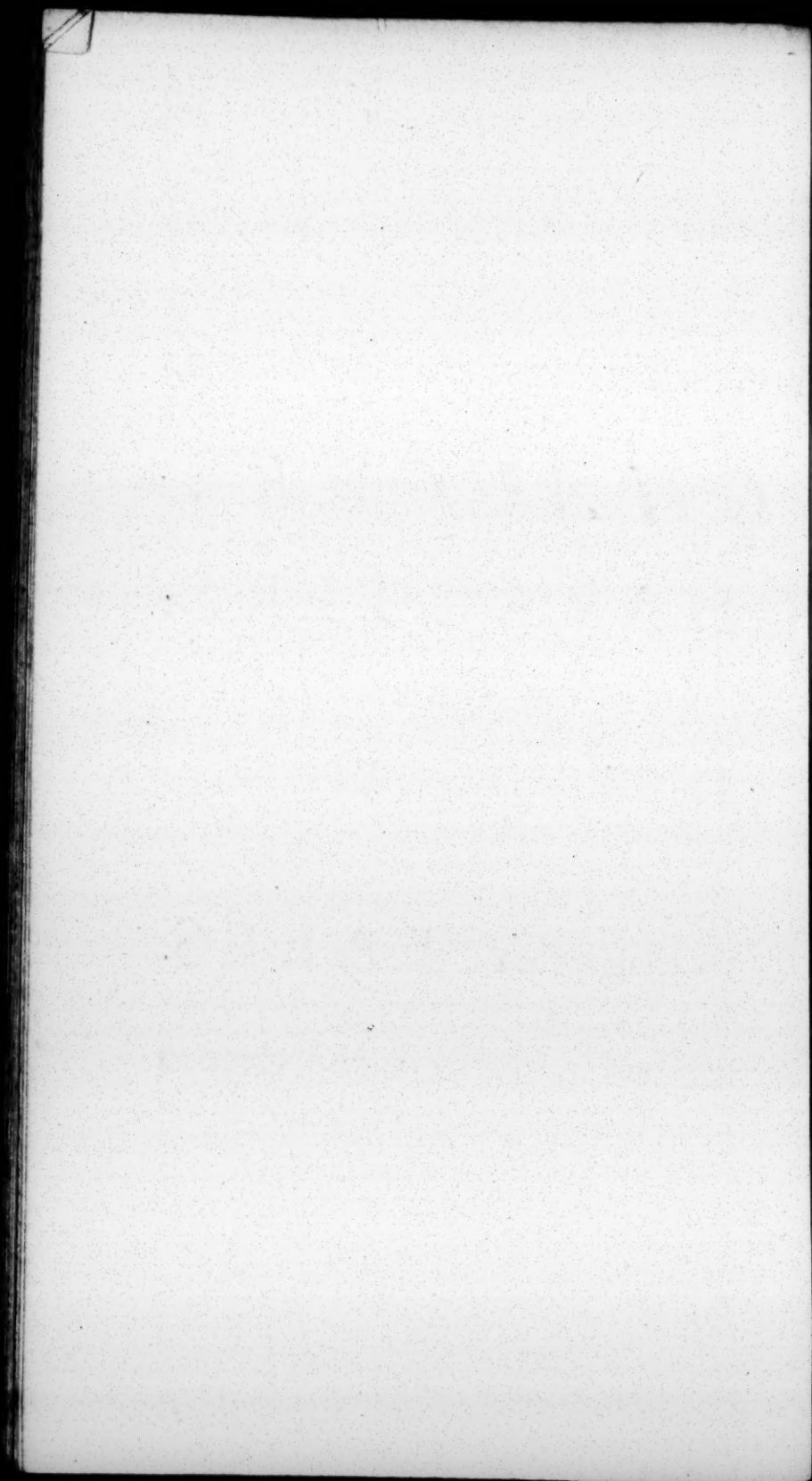
I'll take care she shall no more poison give,
I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting she should live;
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
And pray, good Sir, may't it please you to be by.
Then smiling, says the clown, Upon my life,
A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife.
And since that really is your design,
Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.





CHAUCER's
CHARACTERS:
OR, THE
INTRODUCTION
TO THE
CANTERBURY TALES.







CHAUCE R's CHARACTERS.

TWAS when the fields imbibe the vernal
 flow'rs,
 And *Venus* paints her month with early
When *Sol*, diffusing genial warmth around, [flow'rs;
Unbinds the frozen bosom of the ground;
When gentle *Zephyr* with refreshing breath
Reviv'd each grain that in the womb of earth
All winter slept; and th' all enlivening sun,
Thro' the bright ram had half his progress run;
When birds on ev'ry bough renew their songs,
And *Philomel* her ev'ning note prolongs;
Then nature smiles; then *Devotees* engage,
Thro' the wide world to roam on pilgrimage.

58 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

From ev'ry shire the pious rambles stray,
But most to *Canterbury* bend their way.
There at the * *Martyr's* shrine a cure they find,
For each sick body, and each love-sick mind.

It so befel, that season, on a day,
In *Southwark* at the *Talbot-Inn* I lay,
Resolv'd with zeal my journey to begin;
With no small off'ring to *St. Thomas'* shrine.
For *Priests* with empty thanks are never shammd;
The rich buy heav'n, and ragged rogues are
damn'd.

Full nine and twenty more, a jovial crew,
(Mine host was ravish'd at a sight so new)
That night, by fair adventure sought our inn;
All pilgrims, fixt upon the same design.
When most with care had seen their horses fed,
Happy were they who got a cleanly bed.
With each I talk'd, and each by name could call,
So quickly grew familiar with them all.
There we resolv'd with speed to make our way,
And all set forward at the break of day.

* *Thomas Becket.*

But

But hold a while ; 'twere requisite you knew,
 E'er I proceed each pilgrim of the crew.
 I'll here relate their characters, their age,
 Describe their persons, and their equipage,
 Their sex, and what condition they were in ;
 This rule observ'd, I with the Knight begin.

The Knight.

A Knight there was, whose early youth had shown
 His love to arms, and passion for renown.
 Courteous and affable ; of honour nice ;
 A friend to truth, a foe to ev'ry vice.
 In many brave engagements had he been,
 Known foreign courts, and men and manners seen :
 In *Christendom* much fame he had acquir'd ;
 In *Turky* he was dreaded and admir'd.
 When *Alexandria* was besieg'd and won,
 He pass'd the trenches first, and scal'd the town.
Granada's siege increas'd the warrior's fame,
 And *Algier* trembled but to hear his name.
 In fifteen battels deathless wreaths he got,
Three single combats with success he fought.

60 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

Much ground he travell'd o'er, for he had seen
Our Saviour's sepulchre in *Palestine*.

The barb'rous infidels had felt his might,
Fierce in engagement, gentle after fight.
In council, and in conduct, wise and staid;
In conversation, modest as a maid:
Plain and sincere, observant of the right;
In mien and manners, an accomplish'd knight.

A goodly horse he rode, well-shap'd, and strong;
No gaudy saddle, nor no trappings long.
The arms he wore, were bright, and free from stain;
His habit serviceable, neat, and plain.
With grateful zeal devoutly he was come
To thank the saint that brought him safely home.

The Squire.

WITH him his son, a sprightly Squire, and gay;
Youthful and blooming as the month of *May*;
A fearless lover, in a courtly dress,
With curling locks just taken from the press.
Of twenty years he seem'd, well-shap'd and tall,
Strong was his make, his port majestic.

The

The army did his early courage see,
In *Flanders* and in fertile *Picardy*:
He hop'd his valour would all forms remove;
And plead successfully its master's love.

His vest with various colours did abound,
Like flow'ry meads when spring adorns the ground.
Short was his coat, the sleeves were long and wide;
Well could he sing, and *treats* and *balls* provide.
His fiery steed he gracefully could sit;
Love-songs he made, not wholly void of wit;
Some skill in *painting* too the youth had shown,
Could draw a mistress, or design a town.
Love o'er his gentle heart did so prevail,
He slept as little as the nightingale.

The Squire's Yeoman.

THIS Squire a Yeoman had, and only him,
Whose truth and diligence deserv'd esteem.
Girt with a belt, his garment was of green;
A quiver stor'd with arrows, bright and keen,
Hung cross his shoulders in a silken string;
The feathers borrow'd from the peacock's wing.

62 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

At his left side a weighty sword he wore,
 And on his arm a well-try'd buckler bore ;
 A dagger, short and broad, was ty'd below ;
 His strong right hand sustain'd a mighty bow ;
 A *Christopher* his bosom did adorn ;
 In a fair baldricke hung his silver horn :
 His sun-burnt visage and his grafs-green hood,
 Might prove him well a ranger of the wood.

The Prioress.

There was with these a Nun, a Prioress,
 A lady of no ord'nary address.
 Her smiles were harmless, and her look was coy,
 She never swore an oath, but by *St. Loye*.
 Known by the name of *Lady Eglantine* :
 She sung the office with a grace divine ;
 She spoke the *French* of *Stratford* school, by *Bow* :
 The *French* of *Paris* she did never know ;
 For *French* of *Paris* did to her appear
 Strange, as our *Law-French* to a *Frenchman's* ear.
 At meals she sat demure, carv'd meat, and well,
 No morsel from her lips unseemly fell.

She never dipp'd her finger in the mess;
Nor with one drop defil'd her holy dress.
With a becoming grace, and smiling eye,
She gain'd respect from all the company.
Easy and free, still pleasant at her meat;
And held it no small pain to counterfeit;
She hated stateliness, yet wisely knew
What fit regard was to her title due.

She pity'd ev'ry creature in distress,
Devout, and charitable to excess.
Her tender heart with such compassion fill'd,
She'd weep to see a poor mouse caught, and kill'd.
Her lap-dogs still with her fair hand she fed,
With milk, and roast-meat, mixt with crumbs of bread.
In her own chamber, on her bed they slept;
If any dy'd, most bitterly she wept.

Well set her wimple, nicely pinch'd it was,
Her nose was straight, her eyes were grey as glass,
Small was her mouth, her lips were red and soft,
A beauteous forehead, always born aloft,
Broad, smooth and shining eye-brows, neat and small,
A slender waste, inclining to be tall.

A curious garment, wond'rous neat, she wore;
A pair of beads, with green enamel'd o'er,

64 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

Of shining coral did her arm infold;
 Grac'd with an ornament of beaten gold:-
 Upon it was engrav'd a circling wreath,
 And *Amor vincit omnia* writ beneath.
 A nun, who seldom from her fight did stir,
 Her chaplain, and three priests, attended her.

The Monk.

NEXT these a merry Monk appears in place,
 Who follow'd hunting more than saying mass.
 As bravely mounted, as a lord from court;
 No well-fed abbot bore a comlier port.
 And when in state he ambled, all might hear
 The gingling of his bridle, loud and clear,
 As far, almost, as any chapel-bell.

This lordly monk, once keeper of a cell,
 Held good St. *Bennet's* order too severe:
 St. *Maure* to his nice judgment did appear
 Too strict, and rigid; for old dotards fit,
 But scorn'd by *priests* of *spirit*, and of *wit*.
 One scripture text he blotted with his pen,
 That says all hunters are ungodly men.

What

CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS. 65

What shoals of converts would this doctrine raise?
 Shall monks in study pass laborious days?
 Turn o'er dull fathers, and worm-eaten books,
 With dazled eyes, and melancholy looks?
 Toil with their hands to make the garden neat?
 Turn cooks, and baste the roast with their own sweat?
 This *Austin* humbly did: " Did he? (saith he)
 " *Austin* may do the same again for me."
 He lov'd the chase, the hounds melodious cry,
 Hounds that ran swiftly as the swallows fly.
 His sleeves I saw with furs all lin'd within,
 From *Russia* brought, the finest squirrels skin;
 (*Hair-shirts*, he said, provok'd the blood to sin)
 His hood beneath his double chin to hold,
 'Twas fasten'd with a curious clasp of gold,
 A love knot at the greater end there was;
 His head close shav'd, and smooth as any glass.
 His strutting paunch was seldom disappointed;
 His broad full face shone as it were anointed.
 His eyes were sleepy rolling in his head,
 That steam'd like furnaces of molten lead.
 Supple his boots, his horse he proudly fate,
 You'd take him for a bishop by his state.

Fast

66 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

Fafts had not made him meagre like a ghost,
But fat he was, and goodly as mine host.

A fat, plump swan he lov'd, young, but full grown.
His horse was sleek, and as the berry brown.

The Fryer.

A Fryer next, to ev'ry female dear,
All the four orders never had his peer.
Wanton, diverting still in prose, or rhyme ;
He many couples married in his time :
Some young ones at his own expence he wed,
And to their husbands grief soon brought to bed.
A frank companion, secret, often try'd ;
To gentle dames, a confessor, and guide.
Licentiate of his order once, and then
For one the curate had, he shrifted ten.
He with a smile would their confession hear ;
No soul had cause his penances to fear ;
His absolutions pleasant, soft and mild ;
He stroak'd 'em as a parent does his child.
To a poor order lib'ral ladies fly,
With golden presents easy penance buy ;

For

For man is obstinate, and hard of heart,
He keeps his money, tho' he feels the smart.
But to poor fryers you must silver give;
'Tis not with pray'rs and fasting they can live.

He stich'd within his tippet, pretty knives,
With silver pins, small presents for kind wives.
In chearful company, he sung all day;
To help his voice could on the cittern play.
His arms were brawny, few such weights could sing;
Strong as a champion for an *English* king.

All *inns* and *taverns* in the town he knew,
But from the poor he prudently withdrew;
To rich and lib'ral penitents inclin'd,
To *those* was meek, and of an humble mind.
None, in appearance, more devout could be,
The ablest beggar of his house was he.

He farm'd that income, and procur'd a grant
No holy brother should disturb his haunt.
Course was his habit, when a begging fryer,
In wanton love-days gorgeous his attire,
Of finest cloth was then his *demi-cope*;
No mendicant, but stately as a pope.
Something he humm'd betwixt a lisp and song,
To make his *English* sweet upon his tongue.

His

68 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

His little pigs-eyes gave unequal light,
Like small stars twinkling in a frosty night.
The good wives chuckled wheresoe'er he came,
A useful fryer, and *Hubert* was his name,

The Merchant.

WITH these a Merchant, in a motley coat,
Well mouted too, and bearded like a goat.
A *Flanders beaver* on his head he wore;
His boots were neatly buckled on before.
He prov'd with reasons strong, and formal face,
T'increase in wealth was to increase in grace.
Greedy of gold, and popular esteem,
He wish'd the sea were shut to all but him.
Traffick in money he had studied well,
Knew where th'*Exchange* would rise, and where it fell.
In debt to none, in bargains strict and nice,
Thought unprompt payment was the greatest vice.
What he with pains had got, with care he'd save;
Not charitable, for he seldom gave.

The

The Scholar of Oxford.

A Well read clerk of *Oxford* next attends,
One who had *Logick* at his finger-ends.
Sober his aspect, thread-bare was his coat,
His carcass hollow as an empty boat.
The steed he strode was lean as any rake,
With store of leather wanting on his back.
As yet no benefice he could obtain,
No office in his college could he gain;
Plac'd on a shelf at his bed's head were found
A score of books, some stitch'd, the rest ill-bound.
No harp, no viol, no rich clothes had he,
But *Aristotle's* deep philosophy.
Coin he had little, 'twas not his intent
To hoard, for what he got on books he spent.
Devoutly for his patron's soul he pray'd,
Whose bounty gave that learning which he had.
Laboriously he study'd night and day,
His words were few, spoke in no vulgar way:
Weigh'd e'er pronounc'd, sententious, short and clean,
Thoughtful his look, and bashful was his mien.

Of

70 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

Of moral virtue usefully he'd preach,
He patiently would learn, and gladly teach.

The Serjeant at Law.

A Serjeant of the law, discreet, precise;
Well could he plead at bar, and well advise.
Wealthy he was, but frugal of expence,
And his sage look demanded reverence.
Weighty his arguments; his words were wise;
Oft' he had set as judge at an affize:
There by commission rais'd to high degree,
Maturely weigh'd out justice equally.

Robes for the bench he had, and for the bar;
No serjeant was a greater purchaser.
If safe the title, moderate the price,
A good fee-simple never came amiss.
He for a very busie man did pass;
And yet he seem'd much busier than he was.
Whole shoals of clients in the term he had,
And law enough to make those clients mad.
All his conveyances were legal, true,
No flaw was found in any thing he drew.

The

The statutes of the land he had by heart ;
 Turn'd all to gold without the chymist's art.
 In a plain motley coat he rode, ty'd fast,
 With a strip'd filken sash about his waste.

*The * Franklin.*

A Franklin was the serjeant's chief delight,
 His beard was long, and as the dafie white.
 Sanguine he was, and study'd pleasure most ;
 His morning's draught, sack with a nut-brown toast.
 All delicacies that money could procure
 He had ; a nice luxurious epicure.
 With fish and fowl, with bak'd-meat and with roast,
 His table groan'd, he valu'd not the cost.
 All rarities the nation could afford
 Were search'd, and brought to fill his ample board.
 In ev'ry season delicacies appear,
 Diversify'd each quarter of the year.
 Hare, partridge, pheasant ever were at hand ;
 Carp, tench, and breme, as ready at command,

** A Franklin is a Country Gentleman who lives upon his Estate.*

With

72 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

With poynant sauces proper for each dish :
 Woe to the cook where any thing's amiss !
 Spacious bis hall, and open was the door,
 Fragments and marrow-bones bespread the floor ;
 And ready cover'd with all forts of food,
 All the long day a table dormant stood.
 This worthy Franklin bore a purse of filk,
 Fixt to his girdle, white as morning milk.
 Knight of the shire, first justice at th'affize,
 To help the poor, the doubtful to advise.
 In all employments, gen'rous, just he prov'd ;
 Renown'd for curtesie, by all belov'd.

The Seaman.

THEN came a *Darimouth* Seaman far from
West,
 A very aukward rider at the best.
 A coarse cloth gown he wore, not long, nor wide,
 His dagger in a lace adorn'd his side.
 He knew those sultry climates where the sun
 Turn'd his complexion to a dusky brown.
 To company and mirth he did incline,
 Had swallow'd many draught of *Bordeaux* wine.

Kept an obedient seaman's conscience,
Held borrowing from his owners no offence.
If 'twas his fate to take the lucky prize,
(For stoutly he would fight) he was so wise
To pick the best, which sent by parcels home,
Little of worth did to the office come.
A perfect master of the compass, he
Cou'd shun each rock and shallow in the sea;
Had weather'd tempests, in engagements been,
'Scap'd many dangers, many countries seen.
Knew ev'ry creek and harbour on the main,
Of *England*, *Scotland*, and the coast of *Spain*.
In many fights his frigate much was fam'd;
The *Magdalene* of *England* it was nam'd.

The Doctor of Physick.

THE Doctor next; a foe to all excess;
Who travell'd more for health than holiness.
In nice Anatomy well-skill'd was he,
And not a stranger to Astronomy.
He knew to wire-draw a distemper well,
And cures by magic natural foretel;

A deep

74 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

A deep astrologer, that could with ease
Cast the nativity of each disease,
Show at what punctual hour it should expire,
In terms which knaves invent and fools admire.

The cause of ev'ry malady he knew,
Whether of cold, heat, moist, or dry, it grew.
Told which of those engender'd the disease;
'Twas but removing *that*, and you'd have ease.
Th' *Apothecary* waited his command;
Drugs and Electuaries were still at hand.
Whatever one prescrib'd, the other made,
And each by turns advanc'd the mutual trade.
He'd tell the wonders wrought by * *Phœbus*' son
What fame the great *Hippocrates* had won.
Well read in *Galen*, *Celsus*, *Avicen*,
In *Dioscorides* and *Damascen*.
These names, and many more, he had by rote,
Which to th'unlearn'd he never fail'd to quote;
No bible on his pagan shelves had he,
It was prohibited the laity.—
In diet singular; young tender meat,
And easie of digestion, he would eat,

* *Æschulapius*,

At a rich patient's table, bold and free;
 But at his own, he prais'd frugality.
 Of scarlet *Persian* silk his habit was,
 And neatly lin'd with taffety, or gauze.
 Great were his gains, but mod'rate his expence;
 He flourish'd in a time of pestilence.
 Gold's the best cordial; yet he lov'd to see
 Coyn'd *aurum* rather than *potabile*.

The Wife of Bath.

A Merry wife of *Bath* comes next in place,
 But somewhat deaf, with an autumnal face,
 By trade a weaver, one who scorn'd to grant
 Her work out-done at *Ypres*, or at *Gaunt*.
 No matron could with greater zeal incline
 To pay her off'ring at the martyr's shrine.
 She neither patient, nor devout could be,
 If any rival'd her in charity.
 In her own parish she would take the wall,
 Before the proudest matron of 'em all:
 Upon a *sunday* ever trimly drest,
 She flaunted forth, the envy of the rest.

76 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

Large were her kerchiffs, yet more gorgeous made
With her own work, and full three pound they
weigh'd :

Scarlet her hose, her glossy shoes were new ;
Bold was her face, and ruddy was its hue.
Not one of her five husbands could be found,
She laid 'em safely up in holy ground.
With these she made a shift to pass her youth ;
Such was this good wife's constancy and truth.
She travell'd far, pass'd many a rapid stream,
Thrice saw the reliques of *Jerusalem*.

Rome and the *Catacombs* she knew full well,
Strange things of *Cologne* and its kings could tell ;
Spain she had travell'd o'er from end to end,
And good *St James* was very much her friend.
Of various haps and perils by the way,
Much had she known, and yet much more wou'd say.
Upon an ambling pad at ease she sat,
Gingling the bitt, and slack'd her pace to chat ;
A steeple-hat she wore upon her head,
Whose ample brims were like a buckler spread ;
O'er her large hips a mantle fairly wrought ;
Before, her kerchiff to a point was brought :

Like

Like a rank rider, pointed spurs she wore;
Of jests she had an unexhausted store.
Her talk did notably *love's art* advance,
For she had practis'd long that *old, new* dance.

The Ploughman.

A Ploughman follow'd, who had still at hand
Loads of manure t'inrich the grateful land:
An able, strong, laborious man was he,
Who liv'd with all in perfect charity.
He serv'd God faithfully, nor hoarded pelf,
But lov'd his neighbour equal with himself.
Hard would he work, and freely would he give,
And oft' for God's sake did the poor relieve.
In dealing just, with losses not dismay'd:
In every kind his tythes he duly paid.
In a short coat he rode without a sleeve.
There was beside a Miller, and a Reeve,
A Sumner, and a Pardon-monger too,
A Steward, and my self, were all the crew.

The Miller.

THE Miller, hardy as his own mill-stones,
 With brawny flesh, large sinews and strong
 bones.

His strength to all the town was known too well;
 In wrestling still he bore away the bell.
 Short-shoulder'd, knotty as a stubborn oak,
 Hard to be bent, and harder to be broke.
 Not one, so far as he, could pitch a bar,
 Or lift a weight, or swing it in the air.
 He'd running force a door with his hard head;
 His beard, like any fox's tail, was red,
 But strait, and even as a gard'ner's spade.
 Just at the end of his huge nose he had
 A large black wart, on that a tuft of hairs
 Red, as the bristles of an old sow's ears:
 His nostrils, like a furnace, black and wide;
 A sword and buckler hanging on his side.
 A babler, with a gormandizing throat;
 As leach'rous as a monkey or a goat.

Corn he could steal, the same corn thrice he toll'd;
 And yet, they say, he had a thumb of gold:
 His coat was white, on bag-pipes he could play,
 And with that musick brought us on our way.

The Manciple.

A Steward of the *Temple* next must come,
 A pattern for all caterers in town:
 The price of every thing each market had
 He knew, and nicely pick'd the good from bad.
 Sometimes he went on trust, and sometimes paid,
 Yet none could over-reach him in his trade.
 Some wonder much how an unletter'd man,
 Of such low, fordid education, can
 (Who is but one to more than three times ten)
 O'er-reach so many grave, wise, learned men?
 A practis'd lawyer all things understands,
 Th'affairs of half the nation pass their hands.
 We praise unjustly, partially condemn,
 As they cheat others, others cozen them.
 By various methods all professions live,
 By their wise management he learn'd to thrive.

80 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

In life's long course such different ways we run,
Some to undo, but most to be undone.

The Reve, or Steward.

THE Reve, a little, slender, chol'rick thing;
His face shav'd close, and not a hair on chin:
His locks above his ears, an inch at least,
And dock'd before, like any begging priest:
His active legs were very long and lean,
Strait as a staff, no calf was to be seen.
No auditor e'er found him in the wrong:
A good accomptant, tho' his bills were long.
Well judg'd he by the drought, and by the rain,
The future product of his seed and grain.
He kept due tale of oxen, sheep and swine,
His lord's *March*-beer, and his more precious wine;
All rents receiv'd, for all things did engage,
And manag'd since his master came to age.
O'er ev'ry under-bailly he had spies,
Knew all their cunning, all their knaveries.

His

CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS. 81

His house lay tight, and kept in good repair,
Beside a heath, and in a healthy air;
Close in a corner, couch'd behind a row
Of spreading trees; the building snug and low.
The man was warm, with wealth in private stor'd,
And abler far to purchase than his Lord.
He knew his honour's humour to a hair,
When it was fit to ask, or to forbear.
Whene'er his Lordship wanted a supply,
He with a busy careful face would fly;
Run here and there; then bring the luggage home,
And only help his master to his own.
He (as those gen'rous Lords are us'd to do)
Not only thanks him, but rewards him too.
This steward rode upon a sturdy jade,
And on his side he wore a rusty blade!
A wheelwright he had been, in *Norfolk* known,
In all the villages near *Baldswell* town:
Tuck'd round his waste, like any Fryer was he,
And still rode hindmost of the company.

The Sumner, or Apparitor.

THIS Sumner was not over-stock'd with
grace;

He had a bloated, broad, cherubic face;
Of fiery hue; with hollow eyes and narrow;
Red as a cock, and leach'rous as a sparrow.
Black were his eye-brows, bristled was his beard,
And much the children his stern visage fear'd.
His nose with carbuncles was overspread,
His cheeks with white welks on a ground of red.
No inward med'cine he could e'er procure,
Had pow'r sufficient to effect their cure.
Not new-kill'd quick-silver with ceruse too,
Brimstone, nor oil of Tartar, ought cou'd do.
Strong bloody wine he lov'd, and well-dress'd fish,
And stunk of garlick like a *Spanish* dish:
When he was drunk, he'd talk a man to death,
And belch out *Latin* with unfavoury breath.
Two or three common fragments he could say;
No wonder, for he heard it all the day:

But

But if you press'd him farther, you might see
A sudden end of his philosophy.
A leud young fellow, for a quart of wine,
Might for a twelvemonth have his concubine.
He taught his loose companions in their sport,
T' evade the censure of th' Arch-deacon's court:
But if a rich libidinous prize he found,
Him he enclos'd within his bawdy pound.
This, as no vulgar secret he would tell,
A large full purse is the Arch-deacon's hell.
If rich mens souls within their purses lie,
'Tis just their souls be punish'd there, say I.
To him all wenches in the bishop's see
Paid publick tribute, or a private fee.
Boldly he rode, a garland on his head;
Of all unmarried men and maids, the dread.

The Pardoner.

A Pardon-monger last brought up the rear,
With patriarchal face, and holy leer:
His hair was of the hue of yellow wax,
Strait and unequal as a strick of flax.

84 CHAUCER'S CHARACTERS.

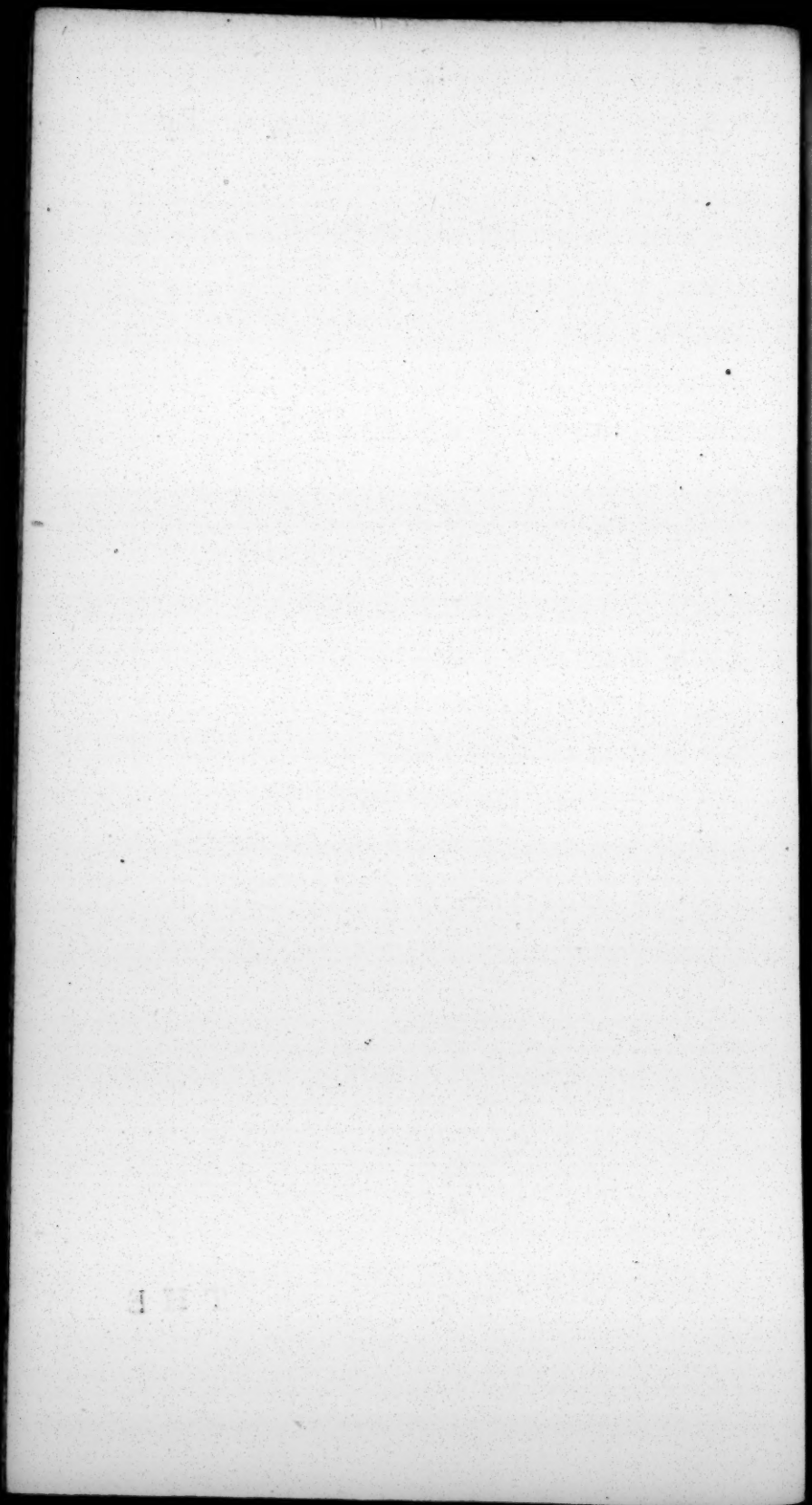
Yet long, and thin it grew from his large head,
 And all his brawny shoulders over-spread;
 Divided into parcels here and there:
 No gaudy hood conceal'd his golden hair;
 For that, with care, was in his wallet laid,
 Where many curiosities he had.
 Except a little cap, he rode all bare;
 With glaring eyes, like a new started hare.
 A holy figure flitch'd upon his cap;
 His wallet hung before him on his lap,
 Stuff'd and cramm'd full of pardons, newly come,
 For greedy zealots, piping hot from *Rome*.
 Shrill was his voice as any mountain goat,
 Aloud he said his orisons by rote:
 A beard he never had, nor e'er will have,
 No barber took the pains that chin to shave:
 He might have been a gelding, or a mare:
 But never sure from *Berwick* ev'n to *Ware*,
 Was Pard'ner furnish'd with such precious geere;
 For in his male he had a pollowbere,
 Which piously was thought our Lady's veil;
 He kept, beside, a gobbet of the fail
 Which *Peter* had (and now this pard'ner hath)
 When *Christ* rebuk'd him for his little faith.

A cross he shew'd of tin, set full of stones;
And, in a glass, a number of pigs bones.
With these, more pardons daily he'd dispense,
In one poor village would collect more pence,
(As by record too plainly does appear)

Than a poor parson lab'ring all the Year.
Thus, with feign'd flatteries and holy tools,
He made the parson and the people fools.

Howe'er, to tell the truth just as it stood;
He seem'd in church ecclesiastick good.
A lesson he could read, or tell a story,
And roar the Psalter with no little glory:
But best of all an offertory sung;
So loud, so chearful, that the chapel rung;
This gain'd him pence from the deluded crowd;
Therefore he sung so chearful, and so loud.







T H E

MILLER of *Trompington*:

OR, T H E

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C H A U C E R.



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1880



THE
MILLER of *Trompington*,
OR, THE
Reve's TALE from *Chaucer*.

By the Same.

AT *Trompington*, not far from *Cambridge*, stood
A cross a pleasant stream, a bridge of wood.
Near it a *mill*, in low and plashy ground,
Where corn for all the neighb'ring parts was grownd.
The sturdy miller with his powder'd locks,
Proud as a peacock, subtle as a fox.

90 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

Could pipe, and fish, and wrestle, throw a net,
Turn drinking cups, and teach young dogs to set,
Brawny, big-bon'd, strong made was every limb,
But few durst venture to contend with him.

A dagger hanging at his belt he had,
Made of an ancient sword's well temper'd blade.
He wore a *Sheffield* whittle in his hose;
Broad was his face, and very flat his nose;
Bald as an ape behind was this man's crown,
No one could better beat a market down,
But millers will be thieves; he us'd to steal,
Slyly, and artfully, much corn and meal.

This miller's wife came of a better race,
The parson's daughter of the town she was.
Her portion small, her education high,
She had her breeding in a *nunnery*.
Whoe'er he marry'd (*Simkin* boldly said)
Should be a maid, well-born, and nicely bred.
You'd laugh to see him in his best array,
Strutting before her on a holy day.
If any boldly durst accost his wife,
He drew his dagger, or his *Sheffield* knife.
'Tis dangerous to provoke a jealous fool;
She manag'd cunningly her stubborn tool.

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 91

To all beneath her insolently high,
Walk'd like a duck, and chatter'd like a pye :
Proud of her breeding, froward, full of scorn,
As if she were of noble parents born.
With other virtues of the same degree,
All learn'd in that choice school, the *nunnery*.

Their daughter was just twenty, coarse and bold:
A boy too in a cradle, six months old.
Thick, short, and brawny this plump damsel was,
Her nose was flat, her eyes were grey as glass.
Her haunches broad, with breasts up to her chin,
Fair was her hair, but tawny was her skin.

A mighty trade this lusty miller drove,
All for convenience came, not one for love.
Much grist from *Cambridge* to his lot did fall,
And all the corn they us'd at *Scholars-hall*.
Their *manciple* fell dangerously ill;
Bread must be had, their grist went to the mill.
This *Simkin* moderately stole before,
Their steward sick, he robb'd them ten times more.
Their bread fell short; the warden storm'd; with skill
Examin'd those who brought it from the mill.
The miller to a strict account they call,
He impudently swears he gave 'em all.

92 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

Two poor young scholars, hungry, much distressed,
(Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)
Intreat the *warden* the next corn he sent
To trust it to their prudent management:
Both would attend him with such care and art,
Defy him then to steal the smallest part.

At last the *warden* grants what they desire,
All is got ready as these two require.
Bold men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd;
One was call'd *Allen*, t'other *John* was nam'd:
Both northern men, both in one town were born,
They mount, and lead the horse that bears the corn.
Be careful, *Allen* cries, and do not stray:
Fear nothing, he replies, I know the way.
Thus they jog on, and on the road contrive
To catch the thief; 'till at the mill they 'rive.

Ho *Sim*, says *John*, what ho, the miller there?
Who calls, cries *Simkin*, tell me who you are?
How fares your comely daughter and your wife?
What, *John* and *Allen*? welcome by my life!
The miller said, what wind has brought you hither?
That which makes old wives trudge, brought us to-
gether.

Who

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 93

Who keeps no man, must his own servant be,
Our *manciple* is very sick, and we
Are with the corn from our good *warden* come,
To see it grown'd, and bring it safely home :
Dispatch it, *Sim*, with all the haste you may.
It shall be done (he says) without delay.

What will you do while I have this in hand ?
Says *John*, just at the hopper will I stand,
(In my whole life I never saw grist grown'd,)
And mark the clack how justly it will sound.

A hâ, chum *John*, cries *Allen*, will you so ?
Then will I watch how it steals out below.

Sim, at their plot, maliciously did smile;
None could, they thought, such learned clerks beguile.
He meant to cast a mist before their eye,
(In spite of all their fine philosophy,)
Neither should find where he convey'd the meal;
The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd steal.
These scholars for their flower, shall have the bran;
The learned'st clark is not the wisest man :
Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the head,
Their horse hung fasten'd underneath a shed;
He slips the bridle o'er his neck ; the steed
Makes to the fenns, where mares and fillies feed.

Unmils'd

94 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

Unmiss'd comes *Sim*, finds *John* fix'd at his post,
And *Allen* diligent, no meal was lost:

Now do me justice, friends, he says, you can
Convince your *warden* I'm an honest man.

Now the great work is done, their corn is grown'd,
The grist is sack'd, and ev'ry sack well bound:

John runs to fetch the horse; aloud he cries.

Come hither *Allen*; *Allen* to him flies.

O friend, we are undone——What mean you, *John*?

Look, there's the *bridle*, but our horse is gone!

Gone! whither? says he —— Nay heav'n knows,
not I——

Out bolts *Sim*'s wife, and (with a ready lie)
She cries, I saw him toss his head and play,

Then slip the loosen'd reins, and trot away.

Which way? they both demand——With wanton
bounds,

I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny grounds:

Wild mares and colts in those low marshes feed.

Away the scholars run with utmost speed,

Forget their former cautious husbandry;

Their sack does at the miller's mercy lie.

He half a bushel of their flour does take,

Then bids his wife secure it in a cake.

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 95

I'll send these empty boys again to school,
To plot and study who's the greater fool:
Look where the learned blockheads make their way.
Let us be merry, while those children play.
These silly scholars ran from place to place,
Now here, now there, unequal was the chace.
They call him by his name, whistle and cry
Ho *Ball*! but *Ball* is pleas'd with liberty.
At night into a narrow place they brought him,
Drove him into a ditch, and there they caught him.

Weary and wet, as cattle in the rain,
Allen, and simple *John*, come back again.
Alas, cries *John*, wou'd I had ne'er been born!
When we return we shall be laught to scorn.
Call'd by the *fellows*, and our *warden*, fools:
Our grist is stol'n, and we the miller's tools.
Thus *John* complains; *Allen* without remorse
Goes to the barn, and in he turns the horse.
Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with mire;
They find the miller sitting at his fire.
We can't return, they say, before 'tis light;
So beg for lodging in your mill to night.

Simkin replies, Welcome with all my heart,
I'll find you out the most convenient part.

My

96 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

My house is straight, but you are learned men;
 You can by dint of argument maintain,
 That twenty yards a mile in breadth comprise:
 Now shew your art, and make a miller wife.
 You're merry friend; but wet and clammy earth,
 Hunger and cold provokes few men to mirth.
 A man complies with necessary things,
 Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
 'Tis meat and drink we earnestly desire;
 To warm and dry us with a better fire.
 Look, we have coin to pay what you demand!
 We ne'er catch falcons with an empty hand.

Sim sends his daughter to a neighb'ring house
 For good strong ale, and roasts a well-fed goose.
 Tho' homely was this room, it was not small;
 They had no other, it must serve them all.
 The daughter makes for these two youths a bed,
 Lays on clean sheets, with blankets fairly spread.
 Twelve foot beyond, in the remotest place,
 There stood another for their daughter *Grace*.
 The supper does with sprightly mirth abound,
 Each has his jest, the nappy ale goes round.
 Nor the squab daughter, nor the wife were nice,
 Each health the youths began, *Sim* pledg'd it twice.

The

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 97

The heady liquor stupifies their care,
But midnight past, they all to rest repair.
The miller yawn'd, his eyes began to close;
The wife got *Sim* to bed, he had his dose.
She follow'd him; but she was gay and light,
Her whistle had been wetted too that night;
She plac'd the child in cradle by her side,
To give it suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
The daughter too, when once the ale was gone,
Retir'd to bed; so *Allen* did, and *John*.
Sleep on the most did instantly prevail;
The miller's lusty dose of potent ale
Made him like any stone-horse snort and snore,
The treble was behind the base before:
The wife's horse-tenor vacant parts did fill,
The daughter bore her part with wond'rous skill,
They might be heard a furlong from the mill.

When this melodious consort first began,
Young *Allen* tumbling, pushes his friend *John*.
It is impossible to sleep, he says,
I'll up and dance, while this choice musick plays.
He cries, What means my brother? — *Allen* said,
I mean to steal into the daughter's bed.

'Tis

98 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

'Tis said, the man who in one point is griev'd,
Ought in another point to be reliev'd.

Our corn is stol'n, and we like fools are caught,
The daughter shall repay the father's fault —

O *Allen*, he replies, think while you can,

'Fore heav'n the miller is a dangerous man!

Should he discover you, I would be loath

The thief should wreak his vengeance on us both.

I fear him not, says *Allen*, I am young;

Tho' he's well-set, my sinews are as strong.

Then up he gets; *now friend good luck* (he said)

The daughter's trumpet led him to her bed.

Half stupify'd with ale, she sprawling lay;

He softly creeping in, soon hit his way;

Soon put all knotty questions out of doubt,

Stopping her mouth prevented crying out.

John grumbling lay, while *Allen's* place was void,

Am I then idle, while my friend's employ'd?

He can revenge himself for all his harms,

He has the miller's daughter in his arms,

While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold;

I shall be jeer'd to death, when this is told —

They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;

Faint heart, they say, did ne'er fair lady win.

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 99

Then up he rose, and softly groaping round,
He found the cradle standing on the ground,
Close by the miller's bed; this unesp'y'd
He took, and set it by his own bed-side.
The miller's wife had no more grists to grind,
(Some mills by water move, and some by wind)
The proper utensil not plac'd at hand,
She rose, by pure necessity constrain'd.
That grand affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
Her husband's bed; no cradle could be found.
Where am I? *Benedicite*, she said:
This is undoubtedly the scholars bed.
Then turning t'other way, her hand did light
Full on the cradle,——Now, she cry'd, I'm right.
Lifting the clothes, into the bed she leap'd,
And close to *John* full harmlessly she crept:
In a short time he takes her in his arms,
And kindly treats her with unusual charms.
She thought (strange fancies working in her mind)
Some *Saint* had made her husband over-kind.
Propitious stars this fortune did bestow
On both, 'till the third cock began to crow.
Now *Allen* fancied light would soon appear,
He kiss'd the wench, and said, My *Grace*, my dear;

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E

Thou

100 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

Thou kindest of thy sex, the day comes on,
And we must part——Alas, will you be gone,
She said, and leave poor harmless me alone?——
If I stay longer, we are both undone;
For should your father wake and find me here,
What will become of me, and you my dear?
That dreadful thought (she cries) distracts my heart
Too soon you won me, and too soon we part.
Then clinging round his neck, with weeping eyes,
She says, Remember me! *Allen* replies,
I'll quickly find occasion to return;
You shall not long for *Allen's* absence mourn.
Farewel, she cries! But, dearest, one word more;
You'll find upon a sack behind the door
A cake, and under it a bag of meal:
The flour my father and my self did steal
Out of your sack; but take it, 'tis your own;
Be careful, love,——not a word more, be gone.

Now *Allen* softly feeling for his bed,
By chance his hand laid on the cradle-head,
And shrinking from it, said (with no small fear)
That rogue the miller and his wife lie there.
Turning, he finds *Sim's* *Palate*, in he crept;
I'm right, he says, dull *John* all night has slept.

Then

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 101

Then shaking him — Wake swineherd, *Allen* cries,
I've joyful news — What? grumbling *Sim* replies.
I am the luckiest rogue — by this *no light*,
I have had full employment all the night:
The daughter kindly paid her father's score,
All night I have embrac'd her — O the whore!
O thou false traytor, clark! thou hast defil'd
Our honest family, deflower'd our child!
Thy life shall answer it; — with that he caught
At *Allen's* throat: young *Allen* stoutly fought.
Both give and take, returning blows with blows;
But *Allen* struck the miller on the nose
With all his force; out flies the streaming gore,
And down it runs: They tumble on the floor:
Then up they get, lab'ring with equal strife:
Sim stumbled backward quite a-cross his wife.
She fast a-sleep, none of this scuffle heard.
Wak'd by his fall, and heartily afraid;
Help *holy cross* of *Broholme*! (O I faint)
Help my *good angel*! help my *patron saint*!
The *Fiend* lies on me like a load of lead!
Remove this devil, this night mare, or I'm dead!
Then up starts *John*, and turns 'em from the wife,
Hunts for a cudgel to conclude the strife.

102 The MILLER of *Trompington*.

Up gets the miller, *Allen* grasps him close,
 Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose.
 Out steps the wife, well knowing where there stood,
 In a by-corner, a tough piece of wood;
 On this she seiz'd, and by a glimm'ring light
 Which enter'd at a chink saw something white.
 But, by a foul mistake, 'twas her ill hap
 To take his bald pate for the scholar's cap.
 She lifts the staff, it fell on his bare crown,
 Strong was the blow, she knock'd her husband down,
 O I am slain, the miller loudly cry'd.
 Live to be hang'd, thou thief, *Allen* reply'd.
 Away they go, first take their meal and cake,
 Then lay the grist upon their horse's back.
 To *Scholar's-hall* they march, for now 'twas light,
 Pleas'd with the strange adventures of the night.

The wife the scholars curses, binds his head,
 Then hits him up, and lays him on the bed.
 O wife, says *Sim*, our daughter is defil'd,
 That villain *Allen* has debauch'd our child.
 Mistaken me for *John*, he told me all;
 Ten thousand furies plague that *Scholar's-hall*!
 O false abusive knave! (the wife reply'd)
 In ev'ry word the villain spake he ly'd.

I wak'd

The MILLER of *Trompington*. 103

I wak'd, and heard our harmless child complain,
And rose, to know the cause, and ease her pain.
I found her torn with gripes, a dram I brought,
And made her take a comfortable draught.
Then lay down by her, chaff'd her swelling breast,
And lull'd her in these very arms to rest.
All was contrivance, malice all and spight,
I have not parted from her all this night.
Then is she innocent? Ay by my life,
As pure and spotless—as thy bosom wife.
I'm satisfy'd, says *Sim*. O that damn'd *Hall*!
I'll do the best I can to starve them all.
And thus the miller of his fear is eas'd,
The mother and the daughter both well-pleas'd,





A

P O E M

To the Memory of

Mr. *JOHN PHILIPS.*

To a FRIEND.

 By Mr. *EDMUND SMITH.*

S I R,

SINCE our *Isis* silently deplores
 The bard who spread her fame to distant
 shores;

Since

To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS. 105

Since nobler pens their mournful lays suspend;
My honest zeal, if not my verse commend,
Forgive the poet, and approve the friend.

Your care had long his fleeting life restrain'd,
One table fed you, and one bed contain'd;
For his dear sake long restless nights you bore
While rattling coughs his heaving vessels tore,
Much was his pain, but your affliction more.
Oh! had no summons from the noisy gown
Call'd thee, unwilling to the nauseous town,
Thy love had o'er the dull disease prevail'd
Thy mirth had cur'd where baffled physick fail'd;
But since the will of heaven his fate decreed,
To thy kind care my worthless lines succeed;
Fruitless our hopes, tho' pious our essays,
Your's to preserve a friend, and mine to praise.

Oh might I paint him in *Miltonian* verse,
With strains like those he sung on *Gloster's* herse;
But with the meaner tribe I'm forc'd to chime,
And wanting strength to rise, descend to rhyme.

With other fire his glorious *Flenheim* shines,
And all the battle thunders in his lines;
His nervous verse great *Boileau's* strength transcends,
And *France* to *Philips*, as to *Churchil* bends.

106 To the Memory of Mr J. PHILIPS.

Oh! various bard, you all our powers controul,
You now disturb, and now divert the soul:

Milton and *Butler* in thy muse combine,
Above the last thy manly beauties shine;
For as I've seen when rival wits contend,
One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;
This on quick turns and points in vain relies,
This with a look demure, and steady eyes,
With dry rebukes, or sneering praise replies.

So thy grave lines extort a jester smile,
Reach *Butler's* fancy, but surpass his style;
He speaks *Scarron's* low phrase in humble strains,
In thee the solemn air of great *Cervantes* reigns.
What sounding lines his abject themes express,
What shining words the pompous *Shilling* dress?
There, there my cell, immortal made, outvies
The frailer piles which o'er its ruins rise.

In her best light the comick muse appears,
When she, with borrow'd pride, the buskin wears.

So when nurse *Nokes* to act young *Ammon* tries,
With shambling legs, long chin, and foolish eyes;
With dangling hands he strokes th' imperial robe,
And with a cuckold's air commands the Globe;

The

To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS. 107

The pomp and sound the whole buffoon display'd,
And *Ammon*'s son more mirth than *Gomez* made.

Forgive, dear shade, the scene my folly draws,
Thy strains divert the grief thy ashes cause:

When *Orpheus* sings the ghosts no more complain,
But in his lulling musick lose their pain:

So charm the sallies of the *Georgic* muse,
So calm our sorrows, and our joys infuse:

Here rural notes a gentle mirth inspire,
Here lofty lines the kindling reader fire;
Like that fair tree you praise, the poet charms,
Cools like the fruit, or like the juice it warms.

Blest clime! which *Vaga*'s fruitful streams improve,
Etruria's envy, and her *Cosmo*'s love;
Redstreak he quaffs beneath the *Chianti* vine,
Gives *Tuscan* yearly for thy *Scudmore*'s wine,
And ev'n his *Tasso* would exchange for thine.

Rise, rise, *Rescommon*, see the *Blenheim* muse,
The dull constraint of monkish rhyme refuse;
See o'er the *Alps* his tow'ring pinions soar,
Where never *English* poet reach'd before:
See mighty *Cosmo*'s counsellor and friend,
By turns on *Cosmo* and the bard attend;

108 To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS.

Rich in the coins and busts of ancient *Rome*,
In him he brings a nobler treasure home ;
In them he views her gods, and domes design'd,
In him the soul of *Rome*, and *Virgil's* mighty mind:
To him for ease retires from toils of state,
Not half so proud to govern, as translate.

Our *Spencer*, first by *Pisan* poets taught,
To us their tales, their style, and numbers brought,
To follow ours now *Tuscan* bards descend,
From *Philips* borrow, tho' to *Spencer* lend,
Like *Philips* too, the yoke of rhyme disdain ;
They first on *English* bards impos'd the chain,
First by an *English* bard from rhyme their free-
dom gain.

Tyrannick rhyme, that cramps to equal chime,
The gay, the soft, the florid, and sublime ;
Some say this chain the doubtful sense decides,
Confines the fancy, and the judgment guides ;
I'm sure in needless bonds it poets ties,
Procrustes like, the ax or wheel applies,
To lop the mangled sense, or stretch it into size :
At best a crutch that lifts the weak along,
Supports the feeble, but retards the strong ;

And

To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS. 109

And the chance thoughts when govern'd by the close,
Oft rise to fustian, or descend to prose.

Your judgment *Philips*, rul'd with steady sway,
You us'd no curbing rhyme, the muse to stay,
To stop her fury or direct her way.

}
}

Thee on the wing thy uncheck'd vigor bore,
To wanton freely, or securely soar.

So the stretch'd cord the shackle-dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to rise;
When freed he moves, the sturdy cable bends,
He mounts with pleasure, and secure descends;
Now dropping seems to strike the distant ground,
Now high in air his quiv'ring feet rebound.

Rail on, ye triflers, who to *Will's* repair
For new lampoons, fresh cant, or modish air;
Rail on at *Milton's* son, who wisely bold
Rejects new phrases, and resumes the old:
Thus *Chaucer* lives in younger *Spencer's* strains,
In *Marc's* page reviving *Ennius* reigns;
The ancient words the majesty compleat,
And make the poem venerably great:
So when the queen in royal habit's drest,
Old mystick emblems grace the th'imperial vest,
And in *Eliza's* robes all *Anna* stands confest.

}
}

110 To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS.

A haughty bard to fame by volumes rais'd,
At *Dick's*, and *Batson's*, and thro' *Smithfield* prais'd,
Cries out aloud——Bold *Oxford* bard forbear
With rugged numbers to torment my ear;
Yet not like thee the heavy critick soars,
But paints in fustian, or in turn deplores;
With *Bunyan's* style profanes heroic songs,
To the tenth page lean homilies prolongs;
For far-fetch'd rhymes makes puzzled angels strain,
And in low verse dull *Lucifer* complain;
His envious muse by native dulness curst,
Damns the best poems, and contrives the worst.

Beyond his praise or blame thy works prevail,
Compleat where *Dryden* and thy *Milton* fail;
Great *Milton's* wing on lower themes subsides,
And *Dryden* oft' in rhyme his weakness hides;
You ne'er with jingling words deceive the ear,
And yet, on humble subjects, great appear.
Thrice happy youth, whom noble *Isis* crowns!
Whom *Blackmore* censures, and *Godolphin* owns;
So on the tuneful *Margarita's* tongue
The list'ning nymphs, and ravish'd heroes hung;
But cits and fops the heav'n-born musick blame,
And bawl, and hiss, and damn her into fame;

Like

To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS. III

Like her sweet voice is thy harmonious song,
As high, as sweet, as easy, and as strong.

Oh! had relenting heav'n prolong'd his days,
The tow'ring bard had sung in nobler lays,
How the last trumpet wakes the lazy dead,
How saints aloft the cross triumphant spread;
How op'ning heav'ns their happy regions show
And dawning gulphs with flaming vengeance glow,
And saints rejoyce above, and sinners howl below: }
Well might he sing the day he could not fear,
And paint the glories he was sure to wear.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend, }
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend? }
No more in false pathetick phrase complain
Of *Delia's* wit, her charms, and her disdain?
Who now shall God-like *Anna's* fame diffuse?
Must she, when most she merits, want a muse?
Who now our *Twysden's* glorious fate shall tell;
How lov'd he liv'd, and how deplor'd he fell:

12 To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS.

How, while the troubled elements around,
Earth, water, air, the stunning din resound;
Through streams of smok, and adverse fire he rides;
While ev'ry shot is levell'd at his sides;
How, while the fainting *Dutch* remotely fire,
And the fam'd *Eugene's* iron troops retire,
In the first front amidst a slaughter'd pile,
High on the mound he dy'd near *Great Argyle*.

Whom shall I find unbyass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose?
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heav'nly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He sacred friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by conscience than by friendship sway'd;
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd:
Not nicely chusing, tho' by all desir'd;
Tho' learn'd, not vain; and humble, tho' admir'd:
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pliant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
By want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd.

To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS. 113

To all sincere, tho' earnest to commend,
Could praise a rival, or condemn a friend.
To him old *Greece* and *Rome* were fully known,
Their tongues, their spirit, and their styles his own:
Pleas'd the least steps of famous men to view,
Our author's works, and lives, and souls he knew;
Paid to the learn'd and great the same esteem,
The one his pattern, and the one his theme:
With equal judgment his capacious mind
Warm *Pindar's* rage, and *Euclid's* reason join'd.
Judicious physick's noble art to gain
All drugs and plants explor'd, alas in vain!
The drugs and plants their drooping master fail'd,
Nor goodness now, nor learning ought avail'd:
Yet to the bard his *Churchill's* soul they gave,
And made him scorn the life they could not save.

Else could he bear unmov'd the fatal guest,
The weight that all his fainting limbs oppress,
The coughs that struggled from his weary breast?
Could he unmov'd approaching death sustain?
Its slow advances, and its racking pain?
Could he serene his weeping friends survey,
In his last hours his easy wit display,
Like the rich fruit he sings, delicious in decay?

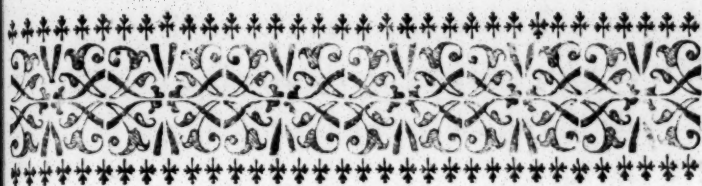
Once

114 To the Memory of Mr. J. PHILIPS.

Once on thy friends look down, lamented shade,
 And view the honours to thy ashes paid;
 Some thy lov'd dust in *Parian* stones enshrine,
 Others immortal epitaphs design;
 With wit, and strength, that only yields to thine:
 Ev'n I, tho' slow to touch the painful string
 Awake from slumber, and attempt to sing.
 Thee, *Philips*, thee despairing *Vaga* mourns,
 And gentle *Isis* soft complaints returns;
Dormer laments amid't the wars alarms;
 And *Cecil* weeps in beauteous *Tufton's* arms;
 Thee on the *Po* kind *Somerſet* deplores,
 And ev'n that charming ſcene his grief reſtores:
 He to thy loſs each mournful air applies,
 Mindful of thee on huge *Taburnus* lies,
 But moſt at *Virgil's* tomb his ſwelling ſorrows riſe.

But you, his darling friends, lament no more,
 Display his fame, and not his fate deplore:
 And let no tears from erring pity flow,
 For one that's bleſt above, immortaliz'd below.





T H E

Story of ARACHNE,

From the beginning of the sixth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

By Mr. J. GAR.

P *Allas*, attentive heard the Muses song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their
wrong;

Reflecting thus, — A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise,
Swift vengeance shall pursue th'audacious pride
That dares my sacred Deity deride.

Revenge.

116 The STORY of ARACHNE.

Revenge the Goddess in her breast revolves,
 And strait the bold *Arachne's* fate resolves.
 Her haughty mind to heav'n disdain'd to bend,
 And durst with *Pallas* in her art contend.
 No famous town she boasts, or noble name;
 But to her skillful hand owes all her fame;
Idmon her father on his trade rely'd,
 And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
 Her mother, whom the shades of death confine,
 Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
 At small *Hypsæ* though she did reside,
 Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd,
 All *Lydia* to her name due honour pays,
 And ev'ry city speaks *Arachne's* praise.
 Nymphs of *Timolus* quit their shady woods,
 Nymphs of *Pactolus* leave their golden floods,
 And oft' with pleasure round her gazing stand,
 Admire her work, and praise her artful hand,
 They view each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
 More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.

Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
 Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round,
 Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
 Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece,
 Whether

The STORY of ARACHNE. 117

Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from *Pallas* she deriv'd her art.
But she unable to sustain her pride,
The very mistress of her art defy'd.
Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldam's face.
Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.

She thus accosts the nymph, " Be timely wise,
" Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
" For in the hoary head experience lies:
" On earth contend the greatest name to gain,
" To *Pallas* yield; with heav'n you strive in vain."

Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
Wrath and disdain inflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away she throws,
And scarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.

" Worn out with age, and by disease declin'd,
" (She cries) thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind;
" These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
" And wary doctrines for thy neeces prove;

" My

118 THE STORY OF ARACHNE.

" My counsel's from my self, my will commands,

" And my first resolution always stands :

" Let her contend ; or does her fear impart

" That conquest waits on my superior art ? "

The goddess's trait throws off her old disguise,

And heav'nly beauty sparkles in her eyes,

A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,

And *Pallas* smiles with ev'ry wonted grace.

The nymphs surpriz'd the deity adore,

And *Lydian* dames confess her matchless pow'r ;

The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,

Yet a swift blush her guilty feature stains ;

In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,

And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.

So when *Aurora* first unveils her eyes,

A purple dawn invests the blushing skies ;

But soon bright *Phæbus* gains th' horizon's height,

And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.

Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,

To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd,

The goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,

And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.

Both take their stations, and the piece prepare,

And order ev'ry slender thread with care ;

The STORY of ARACHNE. 119

The web inwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While through the wid'ning space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive; then pois'd with
lead,

The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round their waist,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haste.
Here each inweaves the richest *Tyrian* dye,
There fainter shades in soften'd order lye;
Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
Set off the work, and brighten each design:
As when the sun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds some drisly show'r descends.
We see the spacious humid arch appear,
Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
By such degrees the deep'ning shadows rise
As pleasingly deceive our dazled eyes;
And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
Yet hues of diff'rent natures die th' extremes.
Here heigh'ning gold they midst the woof dispose,
And in the web this antique story rose.

Pallas the lofty mount of *Mars* designs,
Celestial judgment guides th'unerring lines;

Here,

120 The Story of ARACHNE.

Here, in just view, th' *Athenian* structures stand,
 And there, the Gods contend to name the land;
 Twelve deities she frames with stately mien,
 And in the midst superior *Jove* is seen;
 A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
 The figures in the picture seem to live.
 Heav'n's thund'ring monarch sits with awful grace,
 And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
 There *Neptune* stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
 And with his trident smote the trembling ground,
 The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
 From whence a fiery prancing steed arose;
 And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
 To grace the city with his honour'd name.
 See her own figure next with martial air,
 A shining helmet decks her flowing hair;
 Her thoughtful breast her well pois'd shield defends,
 And her bare arm a glitt'ring spear extends,
 With which she wounds the plain; from thence arose
 A spreading tree, green olives load the boughs;
 The pow'rs her gift behold with wond'ring eyes,
 And to the goddess give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that to dissuade
 By others fate the too presumptuous maid,

With

THE STORY OF ARACHNE. 121

With miniature she fills each corner space,
To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace.

Hemus and *Rhodope* in this she wrought,
The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the sacred names of Gods aspir'd;
To mountains chang'd their lofty heads arise,
And lose their less'ning summits in the skies.

In that, in all the strength of art was seen
The wretched fate of the *Pygmean* queen;
Juno enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame;
In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this, *Antigone* for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial *Jove* :
Juno incens'd, her royal pow'r display'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor *Ilion's* fervent pray'r prevails,
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise,
Chang'd to a clam'rous stork she mounts the skies.

In the remaining orb, the heav'nly maid
The tale of childish *Cynaras* display'd,

A settled

122 THE STORY OF ARACHNE.

A settled anguish in his look appears,
 And from his bloodshot eyes flow streams of tears;
 On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown;
 He, for his daughters clasp'd the polish'd stone.
 And when he sought to hold their wonted charms,
 The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.
 Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
 And her own tree incloses the design.

Arachne paints th'amours of mighty *Jove*,
 How in a bull the God disguis'd his love,
 A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
 And real billows breaking on the shore:
 In fair *Europa*'s face appears surprize,
 To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
 And seems to call her maids, who wond'ring stood,
 And with their tears increas'd the briny flood;
 Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
 From the rude insult of the rising waves.

Here am'rous *Jove* dissolving *Leda* trod,
 And in the vig'rous swan conceal'd the God.
 Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
 Beneath his flutt'ring wings *Asteria* lies.
 Th' enliv'ning colours here with force express'd
 How *Jove* the fair *Antiope* careis'd.

THE STORY of ARACHNE. 123

In a strong satyr's muscled form he came
Infilling love transports the glowing dame;
And lusty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he sooth'd the bright *Alcmena's* love,
Who for *Amphitryon* took th' impostor *Jove*,
And how the God, in golden show'r, allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd;
How, in a swain, *Mnemosyne* he charms;
How lambent flame the fair *Ægina* warms:
And how with various glitt'ring hues inlaid
In serpent's form *Deïis* he betray'd.
Here you, great *Neptune*, with a short-liv'd flame
In a young bull enjoy th' *Æolian* dame.
Then in *Enipeus'* shape intrigues pursue,
'Tis thus th' *Aloïds* boast descent from you.
Here to *Bisaltis* was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid;
 Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
(From whom the *Pegasean* courser sprung)
Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
Exhaust thy strength, and ev'ry nerve employ;

124 THE STORY OF ARACHNE.

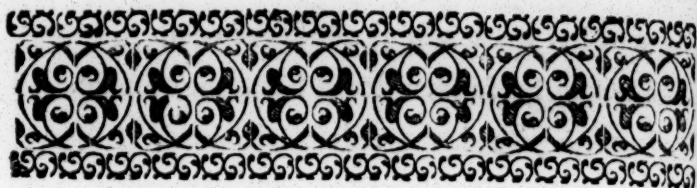
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
 And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea;
 Such just proportion graces ev'ry part,
 Nature her self appears improv'd by art.
 Here in disguise was mighty *Phæbus* seen
 With clownish aspect, and a rustick mien;
 Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
 And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
 Now, in a shepherd's form, with treach'rous smiles
 He *Macareian Isse's* heart beguiles.
 Here his plump shape enamour'd *Bacchus* leaves,
 And in the grape *Erigone* deceives.
 There *Saturn*, in a neighing horse, she wove,
 And *Chiron's* double form rewards his love.
 Festoons of flow'rs inwove with ivy shine,
 Border the wond'rous piece, and round the texture
 twine.

Not *Pallas*, nor ev'n Spleen it self could blame,
 The wond'rous work of the *Maonian* dame;
 With grief her vast success the goddess bore,
 And of celestial crimes the story tore.
 Her boxen shuttle, now enrag'd, she took,
 And thrice the proud *Idmenian* artist struck:

Th' un-

The STORY of ARACHNE. 125

Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
And fought by sudden death her guilt to hide;
Pallas with pity saw the desp'rate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed.
" Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime;
" Suspended thus to waste thy future time,
" Thy punishment involves thy num'rous race;
" Who, for thy fault, shall share in thy disgrace: "
Her incantation magick juices aid,
With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent maid, }
And thus the charm its noxious pow'r display'd. }
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
There chang'd to nimble feet in order hung;
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which now with smallest threads her work supplies;]
The virgin in the spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.



AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of BURLINGTON.

A Journey to EXETER.

By the Same.

WHILE you, my Lord, bid stately piles
ascend,
Or in your *Chiswick* bow'rs enjoy your
friend;

Where *Pope* unloads the bough within his reach,
Of purple grape, blue plumb, or blushing peach;

I journey

A JOURNEY to EXETER. 127

I journey far—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty 'squire.

'Twas on the day that city dames repair,
To take their weekly dose of *Hide-Park* air;
When forth we trot; no carts the road infest,
For still on *Sundays* country horses rest.
Thy gardens, *Kensington*, we leave unseen;
Through *Hammer-smith* jog on to *Turnham-green*;
That *Turnham-green*, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for * *Solomon* is dead.
Three dusty miles reach *Brandford's* tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chicken known:
Thence o'er wide shrubby heaths, and furrow'd lanes,
We come where *Thames* divides the meads of *Stanes*.
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now *Bagshot-heath* we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft' repair their loss.
At *Hartley-row* the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd ev'ry guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at ev'ry round,

* *A man lately famous for feeding pigeons at Turnham-green.*

128 A JOURNEY to EXETER.

Relates the justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What Lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.

Let travellers the morning vigils keep :
The morning rose ; but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry sun,
And *Popham-lane* was scarce in sight by One :
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in *London* purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a *Belle* to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighb'ring wood;
Here unown'd infants find their daily food ;
For should the maiden mother nurse her son,
'T would spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear ;
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.

Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting sun reach *Stocbridge* town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.

A JOURNEY to EXETER. 129

Sad melancholy ev'ry visage wears :

What ! no election come in seven long years !

Of all our race of mayors, shall * *Snow* alone

Be by Sir *Richard's* dedication known ?

Our streets no more with tydes of ale shall float,

Nor coblers feast three years upon one vote.

Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded plain,

Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.

No leafy bow'rs a noon-day shelter lend,

Nor from the chilly dews at night defend ;

With wond'rous art he counts the straggling flock,

And by the sun informs you what's a-clock.

How are our shepherds fallen from ancient days !

No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays !

From her no list'ning echo's learn to sing,

Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.

Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests bend,

See *Sarum* steeple o'er yon' hill ascend ;

Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,

And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat,

Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire

The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire ?

* *A man to whom Sir Rich. Steele dedicated a political work : not that Snow, to whom the following piece of our author is addressed.*

130 A JOURNEY to EXETER.

What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
 From hence first came th' intriguing ridinghood,
 Amid * three boarding-schools well-stock'd with
 misses,

Shall three knights errant starve for want of kisses?

O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
 And *Blandford* ends the labours of the day.

The morning rose; the supper-reckn'ing paid,
 And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
 The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
 And as we mount our half-pence load his hands.

Now the steep hill fair *Dorchester* o'erlooks,
 Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks:
 Here sleep my two companions eyes supprest,
 And propt in elbow chairs they snoring rest;
 I wakeful sit, and with my pencil trace
 Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
 Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
 And on the fash the di'mond scrawls my flame.
 Now o'er true *Roman* way our horses sound,
Gravius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground.

* *There are three boarding-schools in this town.*

A JOURNEY to EXETER. 131

On either side low fertile vallies lye,
The distant prospects tire the trav'ling eye.
Through *Bridport's* stony lanes our rout we take,
And the proud steep descend to *Morcombe's* lake.
As hearfes pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pail,
And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadul't rate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.

We climb'd the hills, when starry night arose,
And *Axminster* affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdu'd by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlas smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, ev'ry night!
We rise; our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck;
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when *Venus* stroak'd the beard of *Jove*.
Now from the steep, 'midst scatter'd cotts and groves,
Our eye thro' *Honiton's* fair valley roves.

132 A JOURNEY to EXETER.

Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
 Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
 Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
 Stream'd down our hats, and smoak'd along the road;
 When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
 Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
 For sure a civil host the house commands,
 Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands:
This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen,
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men.
 How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
 Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
 Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
 Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
 But were his muse for elegy unfit,
 Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
 If epigram offend, his harmless lines
 Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
 Then *Hobbinol* might propagate his bays,
 And *Tuttle-fields* record his simple lays;
 Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses eyes,
 While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies.
Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet;

Then

A JOURNEY to EXETER. 133

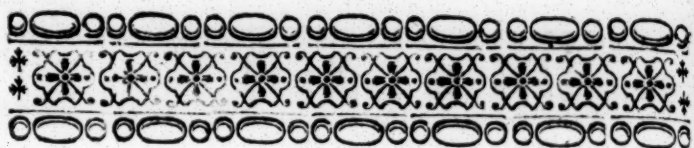
Then *Maurus* in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great *William's* sign;

* *This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come.*

But now the driving gales suspend the rain;
We mount our steeds, and *Devon's* city gain;
Hail, happy native land!—But I forbear,
What other countries must with envy hear.

* *Prince Arthur, Book 5.*





A

PanegyricaI E P I S T L E

T O

Mr. *THOMAS SNOW*,Goldsmith, near *Temple-Bar* :

Occasion'd by his Buying and Selling of the Third
Subscriptions, taken in by the Directors of the
South-Sea Company, at a Thousand *per Cent*.

By the Same.

DISDAIN not, *Snow*, my humble verse to
hear :

Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold.
Whether

Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
 In crowds of brokers over-awe the *Stocks*;
 Suspend the worldly business of the day;
 And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
 The *South-Sea* rocks, and shelves where thousands
 drown'd.

When credit funk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st; nor sent one bill unpaid away.
 When not a guinea chink'd on *Martin's* boards,
 And *Atwell's* self was drain'd of all his hoards,
 Thou stood'st; (an *Indian* king in size and hue)
 Thy unexhausted shop was our *Peru*.

Why did *'Change-Alley* waste thy precious hours,
 Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
 No wonder if we found some *Poets* there,
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
 No wonder, they were caught by *South-Sea* schemes
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
 No wonder, they their third subscriptions fold,
 For millions of imaginary gold:

No wonder, that their fancies wild could frame
 Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
 Tho' chang'd throughout in substance and in name. }

But you (whose judgment scorns poetick flights)
With contracts furnish boys for paper kites.

Let vulture *H—ns* stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind:
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.

Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Through fam'd *Moorfields* extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat:
Where wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a banker dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers;

A poet

A poet enter'd of the neighb'ring cell,
And with fix'd eye observ'd the structure well.
A sharpen'd skewer cros his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, " Behold my castle walls,
" My statues, gardens, fountains and canals;
" With land of twenty thousand acres round!
" All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound.

The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law.)

The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew clear:
The visionary scene was lost in air.

He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loth the sum entire should be destroy'd;

" Give me a penny, and thy contract's void.

The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.

" Shall I, ye Gods (he cries) my debts compound!
So saying, from his rug the skewer he takes:

And on the stick ten equal notches makes:

With just resentment flings it on the ground;

" There, take my tally of ten thousand pound.



MOLLY MOG:

OR, THE

FAIR MAID of the INN.

A BALLAD.

By the Same.

I.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
That you pine and you whine like a lover?

—I have seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

II.

O Nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,
A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

III. I know

III.

I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I am not so easily frightened
From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

IV.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day;
The school-master's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day*;
But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

V.

Will-a-wisp leads the trav'ler a gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;
But no light can set me a madding
Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

VI.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*.

VII.

The heart when half wounded is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;

But

But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fixt upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

VIII.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.

IX.

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.

X.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes *Cupid* and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing, but sweet *Molly Mog*.

XI.

If I would not give up the three *Graces*
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

XII. Those

XII.

Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log;
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.

XIII.

Those who toast all the Family Royal,
In bumpers of *Hogan and Nog*,
Have hearts not more true, or more loyal,
Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.

XIV.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another Eclogue;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.

XV.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog,
To be sure she's a bit for the Vicar,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*.





EPITAPH on the MONUMENT
of the Marquis of *Winchelsea*.

By Mr. *DRYDEN*.

HE, who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good;
Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here rewarded by an heavenly prince,
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray (reader) that such times no more appear,
Or if they happen, learn true honour here.

Ark of thy ages faith and loyalty,
Which (to preserve them) heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
And fewer such a king so well could serve.
Blest king, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare; but mighty patterns giv'n
To earth, were meant for ornaments to heav'n.

EPI-



EPITAPH on Mrs. *Margaret
Paston* of *Barningham* in *Nor-
folk*.

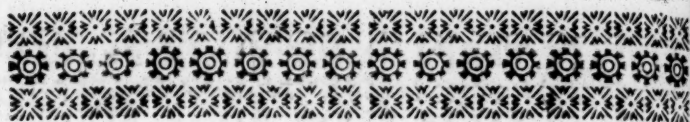
By the Same.

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet;
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit
 Require at least an age in one to meet.

}

In her they met; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay:
 Heav'n's image was in her so well express'd,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest.
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this;
 Now *she* is gone, the world is of a piece.

EP1:



EPITAPH.

By the E. of D.

UNder this stone lies prudent Dame *Dorothy*,
Who honour'd the King, but ador'd his
authority ;

A Church-man she lov'd; but abhorr'd a Dissenter;
Of churches and chapels a fervent frequenter ;
And yet upon heav'n she had no great design,
For at pray'rs she still ogled the ablest Divine :
Having long liv'd a maid, much against her own will,
And finding her beauty was jogging down hill,
To avoid all the scorns that attend on decay ;
She departed this life on the twentieth of *May*.
Then pray for her soul, all ye tygers in crape ;
Pray hard ; for I fear it can hardly escape
From leading in Hell a huge over-grown ape.



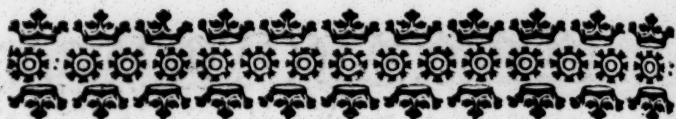
C O S M E L I A.

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
 Who, fair in nature's scorn,
 Blooms in the winter of her days
 Like *Glassenbury* thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at fourscore,
 As Bards in tragick plays,
 Four acts of life pass'd guiltless o'er,
 But in the Fifth she flays.

If e'er impatient for the bliss
 Within her arms I fall,
 The plaister'd fair returns the kiss
 Like *Thisbe* thro' a wall,

ON



ON THE
 DEATH
 OF A
 YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

By Mr. *PITT*.

WITH joy, blest youth, we saw thee reach
 thy goal;
 Fair was thy frame, and delicate thy soul;
 The Graces and the Muses came combin'd;
 These to adorn the body, Those the mind.
 In thee at once the softest manners met,
 Truth, sweetness, judgment, innocence, and wit.
 So form'd, you flew your race; 'twas quickly won;
 'Twas but a step, and finish'd when begun.

Nature

Nature herself surpriz'd would add no more;
Thy life compleat in all its parts before;
But thy few years with pleasing wonder told
By virtues, not by days, and thought thee *old*.
For age let wretches importune the skies,
Till at the long expence of anguish wise,
They live to count their days by miseries.
Those win the prize who soonest run the race,
And life burns brightest in the shortest space:
So to the convex-glass embody'd run,
Drawn to a point, the glories of the sun;
At once the gath'ring beams intensely glow,
And thro' the streighten'd center fiercely flow:
In one strong flame conspire the blended-rays,
Run to a fire, and croud into a blaze.





A N

Epistle to Dr. *YOUNG*,

O N T H E

REVIEW at SALISBURY,

In the Year 1722.

By the Same.

WHile with your *Doddington* retir'd you sit,
 Pleas'd with his flowing *Burgundy* and wit,
 By turns relieving with the circling draught
 Each pause of chat and interval of thought :
 Or thro' the well-glaz'd tube, from business freed,
Draw the rich spirit of the *Indian* weed :

Or

Or bid your eyes o'er *Vanbrook's* models roam,
And trace in miniature the future dome;
(While busy fancy, with imagin'd pow'r,
Builds up the work of ages in an hour;) 149
Or lost in thought, contemplative you rove
Thro' op'ning vists, or the gloomy grove;
(Where a new *Eden* in the wilds is found,
And all the seasons in a spot of ground.)
If there you exercise your tragick rage,
To bring some hero on the *British* stage,
Whose cause the audience with applause shall crown,
And make his triumphs, or his tears their own;
Throw by the bold design, and paint no more
Imagin'd chiefs, and monarchs of an hour:
From fabled worthies call thy muse to sing
Of real wonders, and *Britannia's* king.

Oh! had'st thou seen him, when the gath'ring
train

Fill'd up proud *Sarum's* wide-extended plain;
Then, when he stoop'd from awful majesty,
Put on the man, and laid the sov'reign by;
When the glad nations saw their king appear,
Begirt with armies, and the pride of war;

More pleas'd his peoples longing eyes to bless,
He look'd and breath'd benevolence and peace.
So *Jove*, tho' arm'd to blast the *Titan's* pride,
With all his burning thunders at his side,
Fram'd, while he terrify'd the distant foe,
His scheme of blessings for the world below.
This had'st thou seen, thy willing muse would raise
Her strongest wing to reach her Sov'reign's praise.
To what bold heights our daring hopes may climb!
The theme so great, the poet so sublime!

I saw him, *Young!* and to my ravish'd eyes
E'en now his godlike figure seems to rise!
Mild, yet majestick, was the Monarch's mien,
Lovely tho' great, and awful tho' serene:
More than a coin or picture can unfold;
Too faint the colours, and too base the gold!
At the blest sight, transported and amaz'd,
One universal shout the thousands rais'd,
And crowds on crowds grew loyal as they gaz'd.
His foes (if any) own'd the Monarch's cause,
And chang'd their groundless clamours to applause;
Ev'n giddy faction hail'd the glorious day,
And wond'ring envy look'd her rage away.

As *Ceres* o'er the globe her chariot drew,
And harvests ripen'd, where the goddess flew:
So where his gracious footsteps he inclin'd,
Peace flew before, and plenty march'd behind.
Where wild affliction rages, he appears,
To wipe the widow's and the orphan's tears;
The sons of misery before him bow,
And for their merit only plead their woe:
So well he guards the publick liberty,
His mercy sets the * private captive free:
Soon as our Royal Angel came in view,
The prisons burst, the starting hinges flew;
The dungeons open'd and restor'd their prey,
To joy, to life, to freedom, and the day:
The chains drop off: the grateful captives rear
Their hands unmanac'd in praise and pray'r.

Had thus victorious *Cæsar* sought to please,
And rul'd the vanquish'd world with arts like these:
The gen'rous *Brutus* had not scorn'd to bend,
But sunk the rigid patriot in the friend;
Nor to that high excess of virtue ran,
To stab the Monarch where he lov'd the Man.

* *The Goat-Delivery.*

Ev'n *Cato* reconcil'd had ne'er disdain'd
To live a subject where a *Brunswick* reign'd:
But I detain your nobler muse too long
From the great theme, that mocks my humble
 song,
A theme that asks a *Virgil* or a *Young*.





PART of the
SECOND BOOK
OF
STATIUS.

By the same.

NOW, *Jove's* command fulfill'd, the son of *May*
Quits the black shades, and slowly mounts
to day;

For lazy clouds in gloomy barriers rise;
Obstruct the God, and intercept the skies;
No Zephyrs here their airy pinions move
To speed his progress to the realms above:

Scarce can he steer his dark laborious flight,
Loft and encumber'd in the damps of night:
There roaring tides of fire his course withstood,
Here *Styx* in nine wide circles roll'd his flood.
Behind, old *Laius* trod th' infernal ground,
Trembling with age, and tardy from his wound;
(For all his force his furious son apply'd,
And plung'd the guilty faulchion in his side;)
Propt and supported by the healing rod,
The shade pursu'd the footsteps of the God.
The groves that never bloom, the *Stygian* coasts,
The house of woe, the mansions of the ghosts;
Earth too admires, to see the ground give way,
And gild hell's horrors with the gleams of day.

But not with life repining Envy fled,
She still reigns there, and lives among the dead.
One from this crowd exclaim'd (whose lawless will,
Inur'd to crimes and exercis'd in ill,
Taught his prepos't'rous joys from pains to flow,
And never triumph'd but in scenes of woe)
Go to thy province in the realms above,
Call'd by the Furies or the will of *Jove*:
Or drawn by magick force, or mystick spell,
Rise and purge off the footy gloom of hell.

Go, see the sun, and whiten in his beams;
Or haunt the flow'ry meads and limpid streams;
With woes redoubled to return again,
When thy past pleasures shall enhance thy pain:

Now by the *Stygian* dog they bent their way;
Stretch'd in his den the dreadful monster lay;
But lay not long; for startled at the sound
Head above head he rises from the ground:
From their loose folds his starting serpents break;
And curl in horrid circles round his neck.
This saw the God, and, stretching forth his hand,
Lull'd the grim monster with his potent wand;
Thro' his vast bulk the heavy vapours creep,
And seal down all his glaring eyes in sleep.

There lies a place in *Greece*, well known to fame
Thro' all her realms, and *Tanarus* the name:
Where from the sea the tops of *Malea* rise,
Beyond the ken of mortals, to the skies.
Proud in his height he calmly hears below
The distant winds in hollow murmurs blow:
Here sleep the Storms when weary'd and oppress'd;
And on his head the drowzy Planets rest.
There in blue mists his rocky sides he shrouds;
And here the tow'ring mountain props the clouds:

Above his awful brow no bird can fly,
 And far beneath the mutt'ring thunders die.
 When down the steep of heav'n the day descends,
 The sun so wide his floating bound extends,
 That o'er the deeps the mountain hangs display'd,
 And covers half the ocean with his shade:
 Where the *Tanarian* shores oppose the sea,
 The land retreats, and winds into a bay.
 Here for repose imperial *Neptune* leads,
 Tir'd from th' *Ægean* floods, his smoaking steeds;
 With their broad hoofs they scoop the beach away,
 Their finny train rolls back, and floats along the
 sea.

Here fame reports unbody'd shades to go
 Thro' this wide passage to the realms below.
 From hence the peasants (as th' *Arcadians* tell)
 Hear all the cries and groans and din of hell.
 Oft' as her scourge of snakes the Fury plies,
 The piercing echoes mount the distant skies.
 Scar'd at the porter's triple roar, the swains
 Have fled astonish'd, and forsook the plains.

From hence emergent, in a mantling cloud,
 Sprung to his native skies the winged God.

Swift

Swift from his face, before th' ethereal ray,
 Flew all the black *Tartarian* stains away,
 And the dark *Stygian* gloom refin'd to day.
 O'er towns and realms he held his progress on,
 Now wing'd the skies where bright *Arcturus* shone,
 And now the silent empire of the Moon.
 The pow'r of *Sleep*, who met his radiant flight,
 And drove the solemn chariot of the night,
 Rose with respect, and from th'empyrean road
 Turn'd his pale steeds in rev'rence to the god.
 The Shade beneath pursues his course, and spies
 The well-known planets, and congenial skies;
 His eyes from far tall *Cyrrha's* heights explore,
 And *Phocian* fields polluted with his gore.
 At length to *Thebes* he came, and with a groan
 Survey'd the guilty palace, once his own :
 With awful silence stalk'd before the gate;
 But when he saw the trophies of his fate,
 High on a column rais'd against the door,
 And his rich chariot still deform'd with gore ;
 He starts with horror back ; ev'n *Jove's* command
 Could scarce controul him, nor the vital wand.

'Twas now the solemn day, when *Jove* array'd
 In all his thunders, grasp'd the *Theban* maid ;

Then took from blasted *Semele* her load,
And in himself conceiv'd the future God.
For this the *Thebans* revel'd in delight,
And gave to play and luxury the night ;
A national debauch ! confus'd they lie
Stretch'd o'er the fields ; their canopy the sky.
The sprightly trumpets sound ; the timbrels play,
And wake with sacred harmony the day.
The matron's breast the gracious pow'r inspires
With milder raptures, and with softer fires.

So the *Bistonian* race, a madding train,
Exult and revel on the *Thracian* plain ;
With milk their bloody banquets they allay,
Or from the lion rend his panting prey ;
On some abandon'd salvage fiercely fly,
Seize, tear, devour, and think it luxury.
But if the rising fumes of wine conspire
To warm their rage, and fan the brutal fire,
Then scenes of carnage are their dear delight,
They whirl the goblets, and provoke the fight ;
Then on the slain the revel is renew'd,
And all the horrid banquet floats in blood.

And now the winged *Hermes* from on high
Shot in deep silence down the dusky sky ;

Then hover'd o'er the *Theban* tyrant's head,
As stretch'd at ease he press'd his gorgeous bed,
Where labour'd tapestry from side to side
Glow'd with rich figures, and *Assyrian* pride.
Oh! the precarious terms of human state!
How blind is man! how thoughtless of his fate!
See! thro' his limbs the dews of slumber creep,
Sunk as he lies in luxury and sleep.
The rev'rend shade, commission'd from above,
Hastes to fulfil the high behests of *Jove*.
Like blind *Tiresias* to the bed he came,
In form, in habit, and in voice the same.
Pale, as before, the phantom still appear'd,
Down his wan bosom flow'd a length of beard,
His head an imitated fillet wore,
His hand a wreath of peaceful olive bore;
With this he touch'd the sleeping monarch's breast,
And, in his own, the voice of fate express'd.
" Then canst thou sleep, to thoughtless rest re-
" sign'd,
" And drive thy brother's image from thy mind?
" Yon' gath'ring storm demands thy timely care;
" See how it rolls this way the tide of war!
" When

- “ When o’er the seas the sweeping whirlwinds fly,
“ And roar from ev’ry quarter of the sky;
“ The pilot in despair the ship to save,
“ Gives up the helm, a sport to ev’ry wave:
“ Such is thy error, and thy fate the same;
“ (For know, I speak the common voice of fame.)
“ Proud in his new alliances, from far
“ Against thy realm he meditates the war.
“ Big with ambitious hopes to reign alone,
“ And swell unrival’d on the *Theban* throne;
“ New signs and fatal prodigies inspire
“ His mad ambition, with his boasted fire;
“ And *Argos*’ ample realms in dow’r bestow’d,
“ And *Tydeus* reeking from his brother’s blood,
“ League and conspire to raise him to the throne,
“ And make his tedious banishment thy own.
“ For this, with pity touch’d, almighty *Jove*,
“ The fire of Gods, dispatch’d me from above.
“ Be still a monarch; let him swell in vain
“ With the gay prospect of a fancy’d reign;
“ Still let him hope by fraud, or by the sword,
“ To humble *Thebes* beneath a foreign lord.”

Thus the majestick ghost: But e’er he fled
He pluck’d the wreaths and fillets from his head:

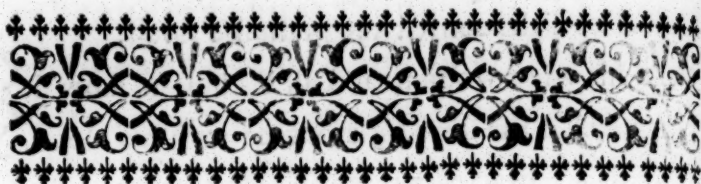
For

For now the sick'ning stars were chac'd away,
And heav'ns immortal coursers breath'd the day.
Awful to sight confest the grandfire flood,
Bar'd his wide wound, and all his bosom show'd,
Then dash'd the sleeping monarch with his blood.

With a distracted air, and sudden spring,
Starts from his broken sleep the trembling King;
Shakes off amaz'd th' imaginary gore,
While fancy paints the scene he saw before:
Deep in his soul his grandfire's image wrought,
And all his brother rose in ev'ry thought.

So while the toils are spread, and from behind
The hunter's shouts come thick'ning in the wind;
The tyger starts from sleep, the war to wage,
Collects his pow'rs, and rowzes all his rage;
Sternly he grinds his fangs, he weighs his might,
And whets his dreadful talons for the fight;
Then to his young he bears his foe away,
His foe, at once the chacer and the prey:

Thus on his brother he in ev'ry thought
Wag'd future wars, and battles yet unfought.



On the DEATH of —

WHILE martial sounds and loftier strains
proclaim

The breathless heroes never-dying fame,
Describe the num'rous armies he withstood,
The fields of slaughter, and the seas of blood ;
Passions subdu'd I sing ; a noiseless strife,
And the still triumphs of a private life :
Let humble Piety some honours share,
And silent Virtue be the muse's care !

Hail gentle shade ! with milder glories blest,
Wisdom compos'd and rul'd thy peaceful breast ;
Wisdom divine its pleasing influence shed,
O'er all thy thoughts diffusive calmness spread,

Sweetly

Sweetly did ev'ry fretful care assuage,
And smooth'd the harsh severity of age:
Content of spirit, harmony of mind,
Hopes well directed, and a will resign'd,
Shone in thy face; in ev'ry look was seen
The innocence and peace that smil'd within.

Greece to thy search its secret stores display'd,
Its learning, but without its pride, convey'd.
Thy easy soul inglorious silence pleas'd,
Thy fame neglected was by others seiz'd:
What names by thy unknown assistance shine?
Theirs all the praise, but all the labour thine;

Thus tributary springs obscurely glide,
And secret currents swell the rising tide;
Proudly the celebrated waters flow,
But to some nameless urns their fulness owe.

The dang'rous blasts of cold inclement air
Could not divert thee from the house of pray'r:
Religion warm'd thy breast, whose pious flame
The snow of winter and of time o'ercame:
Sober thy gesture, and thy mind intent,
Whilst ev'ry vow to heav'n in quiet went.
No holy gust of clam'rous zeal burst out;
Good without noise, and silently devout.

Hoary

Hoary and still thus *Ætna's* top appear'd,
No rushing fires were seen, no tumult heard;
No stroke amaz'd the world with outward din,
Whilst heav'nly armour was prepar'd within.

Such liv'd he, such we mourn, reserv'd, retir'd,
Who virtue only, not its praise, admir'd,
'Till the vex'd soul, with aged limbs oppress'd,
A new retirement sought, and fled to endless rest.





Occasional VERSES

To Mr. *P O P E*,

On reading a scurrilous Epigram
reflecting on Him and the
Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

AS some unpractis'd maid, when mutual truth
Has fixt her faith to one deserving youth.
If publick praises sound the much-lov'd name;
Assents in silence only to his fame;
Her conscious cheek, perhaps, betrays her glad;
Her secret soul has yet a praise to add;
But if some slanderous tongue her choice assails,
O'er all reserve th'extorted truth prevails:
With warmth she vindicates the best of men,
And thinks what once was favour, justice then.

Thus,

Thus, conversant with friends, from envy free,
And true to merit in applauding thee;
Convinc'd and pleas'd I thought mankind the same;
Nor knew one suffrage wanting to thy fame;
'Tis true, conceal'd amidst the publick vote,
I found no language to express my thought;
(Not e'en example could my zeal provoke,
Tho' much was left to say, when all had spoke:)
For graceful praise depends on rigid laws,
Nice merit ever nauseates gross applause;
But let not now my just design offend,
And since thou canst have foes, accept a friend.

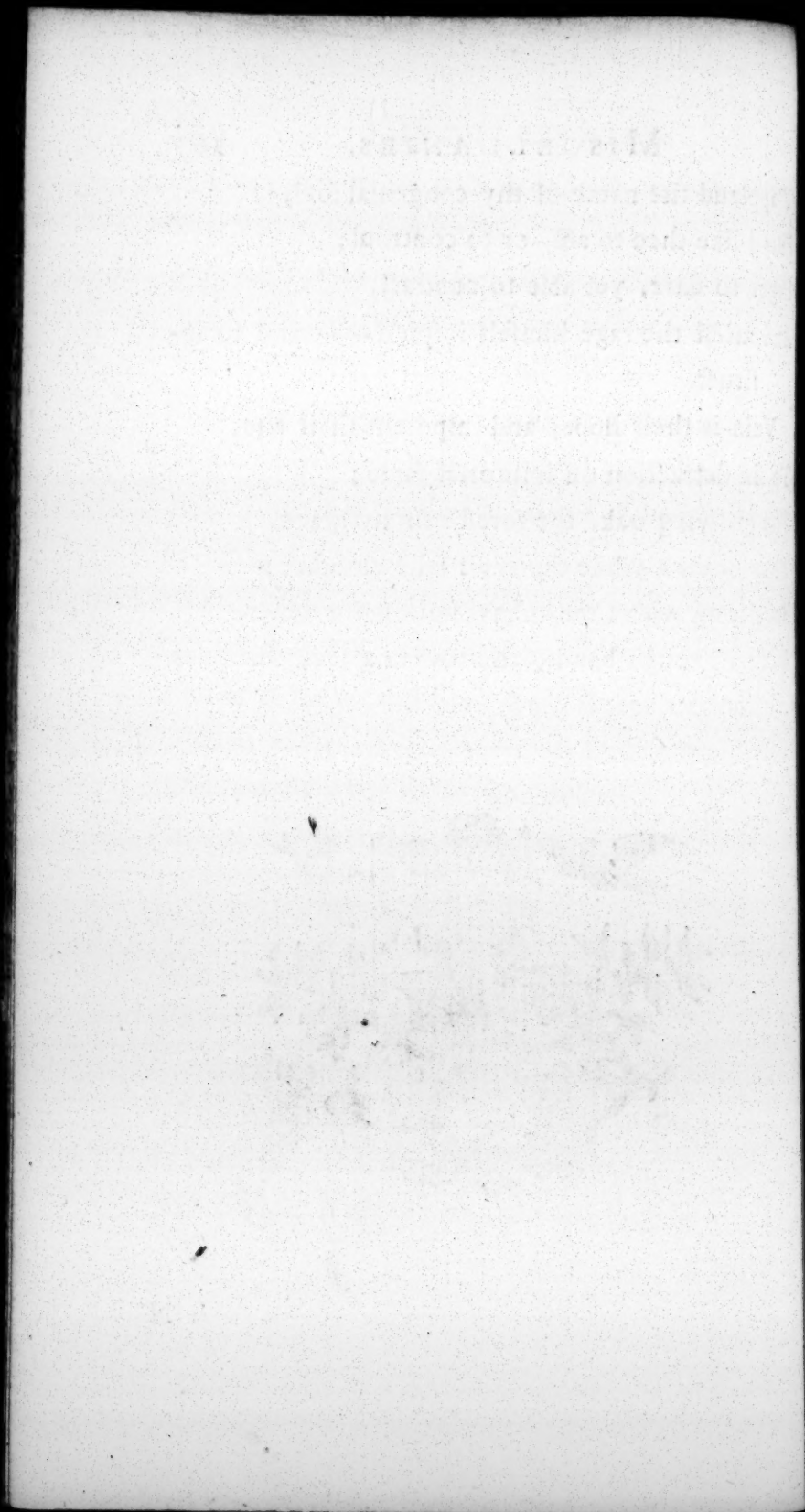
Since wretched slander can its force exert,
And baneful envy feeds upon desert,
In their despight thy triumph let me raise,
And lead their malice captive to thy praise:
Colleagu'd with *his*, their calumny has join'd;
Thy country's pride, the pattern of mankind,
Thy second name posterity shall find;
Where-e'er mature and full his fame shall spread,
There shall thy mingled lawrel lift its head;
In their despight the parallel shall hold;
The chymic muse refines their dirt to gold.

T'applaud

T'applaud the name of thy congenial soul,
Fitted like thee to act, or to controul;
Eager to dare, yet able to conduct,
And midst the rage himself inspir'd——calm to in-
struct.

Vain is their hope, and impotent their aim,
To fix detraction on immortal fame;
The growing oak, the forest's future grace,
Thus bears a while the ivy's false embrace;
But strong with time th'invidious grasp defies,
Bursts its tough bands, and tow'ring seeks the skies.







AN
ODE
TO THE
SUN,
FOR THE
NEW YEAR, 1707.

*Augur, & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus acceptusque novem Camanis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus; —————
Alterum in Lustrum meliusque semper
Proroget avum.*

Horat.

By Mr. E. FENTON.





O D E.

I.

BEGIN, Celestial source of light,
 To gild the new-revolving sphere;
 And from the pregnant womb of night,
 Urge on to birth the infant year.
 Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
 Thou fairest regent of the skies,
 Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
 To thee, a God, 'twas given by *Jove*
 To rule the radiant orbs above,
 To GLORIANA this below.

II.

With joy renew thy destin'd race,
And let the mighty months begin :
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Thro' all thy circle smile serene.
While the stern ministers of fate
Watchful o'er pale *Lutetia* wait,
To grieve the *Gaul's* perfidious head ;
The *Hours*, thy off-spring heav'nly fair,
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on *Albion* shed.

III.

When *Ilia* bore the future fates of *Rome*,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy stores in happy order ran.
Heroes elected to the list of fame,
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state :
'Till the loud triumphs of the *Julian* name
Render'd the glories of her reign compleat,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoils of war, and great atchievements drest.

I. Say,

I.

Say, PHOEBUS, for thy searching eye
Saw *Rome* the darling child of fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say if high Virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler strain,
Than in fair *Albion* thou hast seen?
Or can her Demi-gods compare
Their trophies for successful war,
To those that rise for *Albion's* queen?

II:

When *Albion* first majestick shew'd
High o'er the circling seas her head,
Her the great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright *Victoria* said.
Mindful of *Phlegra's* happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowns be vanquish'd, or prevail,
As *GLORIANA* shall decree.

III.

Victoria triumph in thy great increase!

With joy the *Julian* stem the *Tyber* claims,
 Young *Ammon*'s might the *Granic* waves confess;
 The *Heber* had a *Mars*, a *Churchill* *Thames* :
 Roll, sov'reign of the streams! thy rapid tide,
 And bid thy brother-floods revere the Queen,
 Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
 To save the *Danube*, and subdue the *Sein*;
 And boldly just to *GLORIANA*'s fame,
 Exalt thy silver urn, and duteous homage claim.

I.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
 On earth, great God of day, look down :
 Let *Windsor* entertain thy sight,
 Clad in fair emblems of renown :
 And whilst in radiant pomp appear
 The names to bright *Victoria* dear,
 Intent the long procession view ;
 Confess none worthier ever wore
 Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
 Than she confers on *Churchill*'s brow.

II. But

II.

But oh ! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much lamented space,
Where late her warlike *William* shone :
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command
To deathless fame adopted rest :
Nor wants there to compleat her woe,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on *Glo'ster's* breast.

III.

O PHOEBUS ! all thy saving pow'r employ,
Long let our vows avert the destin'd woe,
E'er GLORIANA re-ascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below ;
But when (so heav'n ordains !) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the *Ballance* shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide ;
To *Albion* ever constant in her love,
Of sov'reign's here the best, the brightest star above.

I.

For lawless pow'r reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let *Albion* be thy fair delight,
And shield her safe from threatn'd harms;
With flow'rs and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on ev'ry hill
Fresh as the first on *Daphne's* brow;
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with *Paans* ring,
To *Blenheim* and *Ramillia* due.

II.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the *Theban* swan
Tow'ring from *Pisa's* sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee the song began :
Thro' defarts of unclouded light.
When he harmonious took his flight,
The Gods constrain'd the sounding spheres :
Still envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

III. But

III.

But, PHOEBUS, God of numbers, high to raise
The honours of thy art, and heav'nly lyre,
What Muse is destin'd to our sov'reign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him, for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy *Helicon* disclose;
And all intent on GLORIANA's name,
Let silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor *Jove* thou sung'st the giants war.

I.

In sure records each shining deed,
When faithful *Clio* sets to view,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse;
But half of GLORIANA's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregistr'd in verse.

II.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing virtues pleas'd to rise ;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys :
E'er GLORIANA on the throne,
Quitting for *Albion's* rest her own,
In types of regal pow'r was seen ;
With fair preheminance confest
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the princess more than queen.

III.

O PHOEBUS! would thy Godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid ;
Would thy propitious ear attend the muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid ;
With *Mantuan* force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
T' exceed the transports of her peoples zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestick love ;
By fate, to fix *Britannia's* empire, giv'n
The guardian pow'r of earth, and publick care of
heaven.

I. The

I.

Then, *Churchill*, should the Muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd;
Quiet to *Belgian* states restor'd,
And *Austrian* crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious *Leopold* confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd,
To arms, to arms, *Bavaria* calls;
Nor with less terror shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

II.

The warrior led the *Britons* forth
On foreign fields to dare their fate;
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, *PHOEBUS*, saw'st the hero's face,
When *Mars* had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breast;
How like thy self, when to destroy
The *Greeks* thou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver dress'd!

H 5

III. Sudden,

III.

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
 Red with dishonest wounds *Bavaria* mourn'd,
 The chief, at *GLORIANA*'s high command,
 Like a rowz'd lion to the *Maes* return'd :
 With vengeful speed the *British* sword he drew,
 Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay ;
 Whilst wing'd with fear the force of *Gallia* flew ;
 As when the morning-star restores the day,
 The wand'ring ghosts of twenty thousand slain
 Fleet fullen to the shades, from *Blenheim*'s mournful
 plain.

I.

Britannia, weep thy dusty brow,
 And put thy *Bourbon* laurels on ;
 To thee deliver'd nations bow,
 And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
 For thee *Bellona* points her spear,
 And whilst lamenting mothers fear,
 On high her signal torch displays :
 But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
 Obsequious she receives thy chain,
 And smoothes her violence of face.

II.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches on thy saving hand
On *Danube's* grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene inspir'd to war by thee,
Aufonia's weeping states to free,
Swift on th' imperial eagle flies:
Whilst bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' asserted *Iber* lifts his head,
And safe his *Austrian* lord enjoys.

III.

To *Britannia!* fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sov'reign's fame,
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars,
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear;
Whilst *Gallia* weeps her guilt, and peace implores:
So earth, transfix'd by fierce *Minerva's* spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

I.

When with establish'd freedom blest'd,
 The globe to great *Alcides* bow'd,
 Whose happy pow'r reliev'd th' oppress'd
 From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
 Mature in fame, the grateful Gods
 Receiv'd him to their bright abodes,
 Where *Hebe* crown'd his blooming joys;
 Garlands the willing Muses wove,
 And each with emulation strove
 T'adorn the *Churchill's* of the skies.

II.

For *Albion's* chief, ye sacred nine!
 Your harps with gen'rous ardour string,
 With fame's immortal trumpet join,
 And safe beneath his laurel sing:
 When clad in vines the *Sein* shall glide,
 And duteous in a smoother tide
 To *British* seas her tribute yield;
 Wakeful at *honour's* shrine attend,
 And long with living beams defend
 From night, the warrior's votive shield.

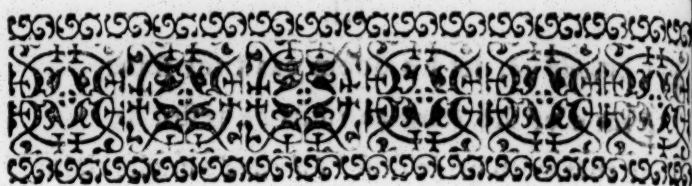
III. And,

III.

And, *Woodstock*, let his doom exalt thy fame,
Great o'er the *Norman* ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with pride dost * *Edward's* cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord.
Whilst ev'ry column to record their toils
Eternal monuments of conquests wears,
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd *Ramillia*, and *Poictiers*.
High on thy tow'r the grateful flag display,
Due to thy Queen's reward, and *Blenheim's* glorious
day.

* *The Black Prince.*





A N

O D E

To the Right Honourable

JOHN Lord GOWER.

Written in the SPRING, 1716.

By the Same.

I.

O 'ER *Winter's* long inclement sway,
 At length the lusty *Spring* prevails;
 And swift to meet the smiling *May*,
 Is wafted by the western gales.

Around

Around him dance the rosy *hours*,
And damasking the ground with flow'rs,
With ambient sweet perfume the morn :
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy ;
Where *Philomel* ! laments forlorn.

II.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the common God prepares ;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye muses ! deign
For me, the meanest of your train.
Unblam'd t'approach your blest retreat :
Where *Horace* wantons at your spring,
And *Pindar* sweeps a bolder string ;
Whose notes th' *Aonian* hills repeat.

III.

Or if invok'd, where *Thames*'s fruitful tides,
Slow thro' the vate in silver volumes play ;
Now your own *Phæbus* o'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day :
Thither,

Thither, indulgent to my pray'r,
 Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
 To swell the notes I feebly raise :
 So with inspiring ardors warm'd,
 May *Gower's* propitious ear be charm'd,
 To listen to my lays.

I.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
 Like *Thracian Mars*, th'undaunted *Swede*
 To dint of sword defies the foe ;
 In fight unknowing to recede :
 From *Volga's* banks, th'imperious *Czar*
 Leads forth his furry troops to war ;
 Fond of the softer southern sky ;
 The *Soldan* gauls th'*Illyrian* coast ;
 But soon the miscreant moony host,
 Before the victor-cross shall fly.

II.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note
 The muse's green retreat can pierce ;
 The grove, from noisy camps remote,
 Is only vocal with my verse :

Here,

Here, wing'd with innocence and joy :

Let the soft *hours* that o'er me fly

Drop freedom, health, and gay desires :

While the bright *Sein*, t'exalt the soul,

With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl ;

And wit and social mirth inspires.

III.

Enamour'd of the *Sein*, celestial fair,

(The blooming pride of *Thetis'* azure train)

Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,

Lash'd his swift tygers to the *Celtic* plain :

There secret in her sapphire cell,

He with the *Nais* wont to dwell ;

Leaving the nectar'd feasts of *Jove* :

And where her mazy waters flow,

He gave the mantling vine, to grow

A trophy to his love.

I.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,

With blind opinion for his guide ;

And, rebel, to her rightful sway,

Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd ?

Fool !

Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows.

To sweep fame, pow'r, and wealth away:
The *Past* is all by death possest;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live, *To day*.

II.

O *Gow'r*! thro' all that destin'd space,
What breath the pow'rs allot to me,
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and compleat in thee.
O flow'r of ancient *English* faith!
Pursue th'unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre, equal to its own.

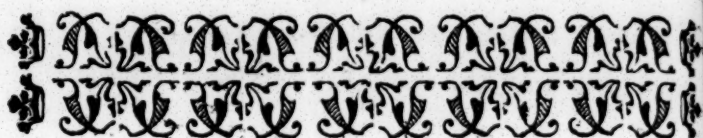
III.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud *Pæans* ecchoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.

There

There *Phocion*, *Lælius*, *Capel*, *Hyde*,
With *Falkland* seated near his side,
Fix'd by the muse the temple grace :
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,,
Selects a whiter space.





A

T A L E,

Devised in the plesaunt manere
of gentil Maister JEOFFREY
CHAUCER.

By the Same.

WHylom in *Kent* there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer, and litil werke,
Upswalen was with venere:

For meager Lent ne recked he,
Ne sainctes days had in remembraunce,
Mo will had he to daliaunce.

To

To searchen out a bellamie,
He had a sharp and lic'rous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke,
Or onion, than the fight of *Greke*:
Wherefore, God yeve him shame, *Boccace*
Serv'd him for *Basil* and *Ignace*.
His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blitheft priest on yearth:
At chyrch, to shew his lillied hond,
Full fetously he prank'd his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And *Isaac Weaver* was he nempt.
Thilke clerke echaufed in the groyne,
For a young damosel did pyne,
Born in *East-cheape*; who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit, ne wordes did she waunt,
Wele cond she many a romaunt;
Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,
She carrold foote as nightingale:
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
Withouten speche; a speciall signe
She lack'd somedeale of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:

So was eftsoons by *Isaac* won,
To blifsful consummation.

Here mought I now tellen the festes,
Who yave the bryde, how bib'd the ghestes:
But withouten such gawdes, I trow
Myne legend is prolix ynow.
Ryghte wele areeds *Dan Prior's* song,
A tale shold never be too long;
And sikerly in fayre *Englond*
None bett doeth taling understond.

She now, algates full sad to chaunge
The citee for her husbond's graunge,
To *Kent* mote; for she wele did knowe
Twas vain ayenst the streme to rowe.
So wend they on one steed yfere,
Ech cleping toder life and dere;
Heven shilde hem fro myne *Bromley* host,
Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.

Deem next ye Maistress *Wever* sene
Yclad in fable brombasine;
The frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
And yeve honour parochiall
In pew, and eke at festivall.

Worship and wealth her husbond hath;
Ne poor in ought, save werks and faith:
Kepes bull, bore, stallion, to dispence
Large pennorths of benevolence.
His berne ycrammed was, and store
Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
His wyf grete joy to fede hem toke,
And was astonied at the cocke;
That, in his portaunce debonair,
On everich henn bestow'd a share
Of plesaunce, yet no genitours
She saw, to thrill his paramours:
Of fishes she muckle mus'd theron,
Yet nist she howgates it was don.

One night, ere they to sleepe went,
Her *Isaac* in her arms she hent,
As was her usage; and did saie,
Of charite I mote thee praie,
To techen myne unconnyng wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet;
And may the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne quest thou falsen me.

Our *Chaunticlere* loves everich hen,
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten;

Yet

Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
 Ne ken I what he swinks wythall.
 But on ech leg a wepon is,
 Ypersent, and full starke I wys;
 Doth he with hem at *Pertelote* play?
 In sooth there's werk inough for tway.

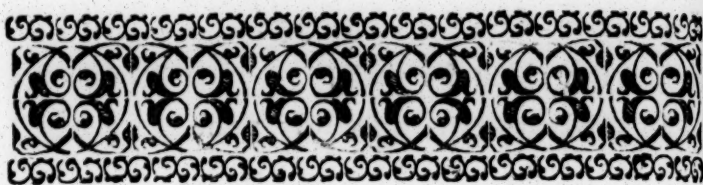
Qd. *Isaac*, certes by saint *Poule*,
 Mene lief thou art a simple soule;
 Foules fro the egle to the wren,
 Bin harness'd othergise than men:
 For the males engines of delite,
 Ferre in theyr entrails are empight;
 Els, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
 Among the breers mought fore be shent.
 Thus woxenn hote, they much avaunce
 Love of venereal jouisaunce:
 And in one month, the trouth to sayne,
 Swink mo than manhode in yeres twayne.

O *Benedicite!* qd. she,
 If keeping hote so kindlych be,
 Hie in thyne boweles trufs thyne gere,
 And eke the skrippe that daungleth here.]

Ne dame, he answerd, mote that bene;
 For as I hope to be a dene,

Thilke *Falstaffe*-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale, and pig;
Ne in it is a chink for these,
Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease.
Pardie, qd. she, syth there's nat room,
Swete *Nykin*! chafe hem in myne woom.





PHOENIX-PARK.

By Mr. JAMES WARD.

S HALL *Coopers-hill* majestic rise in rhyme
Strong as its basis, as its brow sublime?
Shall *Windsor-forest* win immortal praise,
It self outlasting in its poet's lays;
And thou, O *Phœnix-Park*, remain so long
Unknown to fame, and unadorn'd in song?

Thou too canst boast thy lawns, and painted meads,
Thy sunny vallies, and sequester'd shades;
As pleasing dreams thy trees and springs bestow,
As gently whisper, and as sweetly flow;
With equal charms the tuneful muse delight,
Inspire her rapture, and her lays invite.

What

What tho' in thee no long-liv'd *Dryads* dwell,
Nor mystlick truths prophetick oaks foretel,
Nor azure nymphs beside thy fountains rove,
Nor sporting satyrs haunt thy hallow'd grove;
Tho' no coy maid, transform'd by ancient fame,
Grace thee a tree, or bath thy fields a stream;
Yet verse can so enchant thy changing plain,
Like them shalt thou receive the fabled train,
Poetick eyes their airy forms shall view,
And fancy think the strong delusion true.

Then shall the lover seek thy friendly shade,
To thee shall he accuse the cruel maid,
Thy nymphs shall softly sigh while he complains,
The sympathizing ecchoes feel his pains,
Thy fountains weep, thy groves compassion show;
All nature drooping with one lover's woe:
Each future bard beneath thy shelter laid,
Shall patient wait th'inspiring muse's aid,
In blissful dreams shall heav'nly visions see,
And all *Parnassus* shall revive in thee.

Oft' thro' thy cool retreats I silent stray, '
And lost in thought neglect my heedless way;
Intent on nature's works, my wond'ring mind
Shakes off the busy town she left behind;

Her wings she plumes anew, expatiates free,
And quits the world for solitude and thee.

How pleasing while the sun in early day
Shoots o'er the earth aſlant his dawning ray,
In that calm light thy glift'ring fields to view !
E'er his hot beams have drunk the morning dew ;
E'er genial zephyrs breathe upon the bow'rs,
Op'ning the balmy buds, and virgin flow'rs ;
Th'unruffled ſtreams with ſilent pace are born ;
Nor ſhakes the aſpen-leaf, nor waves the corn ;
The ſleeping cloud low on the mountain lies ;
And vapours from the valley ſlowly riſe.
Full of new life upſtarts the ſprightly fawn,
And wanton ſkips, and bounds along the lawn ;
The tow'ring lark long ſince has reach'd the ſky,
And equal balanc'd, hov'ring hangs on high ;
Maturely conſcious of approaching light,
She firſt of creatures breaks from drowſy night,
Beyond earth's ſhade on daring pinions born,
Anticipates the ſun, and meets the morn.
Th'impatient joy that ſwells her little breaſt ;
Breaks forth melodious in her ſongs expreſt ;
Warbling ſhe wakes the ſlumbering birds around,
And mattins ſhrill thro' all the groves reſound.

I too

I too thy blessings taste, bright lamp of day,
Thy influence own, and feel thy quick'ning ray;
Uncommon raptures in my bosom glow,
And from my tongue unlabour'd numbers flow;
Notes, free as theirs, join with the feather'd throng,
Alike our extasy, alike our song.

Thy beams, kind sun, do all the gifts bestow,
And all the charms, that grace this world below,
All nature is thy boon; thy piercing light
To humane eyes reveals the beauteous sight;
And 'tis thy warmth inspires the muse's strain,
And gives her verse to paint the lovely scene.

What scene more lovely, and more form'd for bliss,
What more deserves the muse's strain than this;
Where more can boundless nature please, and where
In shapes more various, and more sweet appear!

Now when the centre of the wood is found,
With goodly trees (a spacious circle bound,)
I stop my wand'ring— while on ev'ry side
Glades opening to my eye the grove divide;
To distant objects stretch my lengthen'd view,
And make each pleasing prospect charm anew.

The mountain here heaves up his airy height,
A short horizon to my boundless sight.

Whose caverns treasure up descending show'rs ;
Nor heav'n on him in vain its plenty pours.
When sultry seasons scorch the rivel'd earth,
His bounty gives to thousand fountains birth ;
Prolifick moisture swells the smiling grain,
And double harvests load the grateful plain.

Deep in the vale old *Liffey* rolls his tides,
Romantick prospects crown his rev'rend sides ;
Now thro' wild grotts, and pendent woods he strays,
And ravish'd at the sight his course delays,
Silent and calm—now with impetuous shock
Pours his swift torrent down the steepy rock ;
The tumbling waves thro' airy chanel's flow,
And loudly roaring, smoak, and foam below.

Fast by his banks, stands high above the plain,
A fabrick rais'd in peaceful *Charles's* reign :
Where vet'ran bands discharg'd from war retire,
Feeble their limbs, extinct their martial fire :
I hear, methinks I hear the gallant train
Recount the wonders of each past campaign ;
Conquests, and triumphs in my bosom roll,
'And *Britain's* glory fills my wid'ning soul.
Here blest with plenty, and maintain'd at ease
They boast th'adventures of their youthful days.

Repeat

Repeat exhausted dangers o'er again;
And sigh to speak, of faithful comrades slain:
Silent the list'ning audience sit around,
Weep at the tale, and view the witness wound;
What mighty things each for his country wrought,
Each tells—And all, how bravely *Marlbro'* fought.

There o'er wide plains my lab'ring sight extends,
And fails it self e'er the long landskip ends:
Where flocks around the rural cottage seen,
Brouze the young buds, or graze the tufted green;
And fields bespread with golden crops appear,
Ensuring plenty for the following year.

Here on a mount a ruin'd tow'r I spy,
A sweet amusement to the distant eye,
Forward it starts, approaching to be seen,
And cheats me of the sinking lands between.
Within this mount, as some old matron tells,
In all his pomp the fairy monarch dwells,
To his wide treasury here his elfs unseen,
Convey whate'er is lost on earth by men;
With endless stores the gloomy caverns fill,
And, as their sums encrease, distend their hill.

There the broad ocean spreads his waves around,
With anchor'd fleets a faithful harbour crown'd,

By whose kind aid we num'rous blessings share,
In peace our riches, and our strength in war.
While thus retir'd, I on the city look,
A groupe of buildings in a cloud of smoke,
(Where various domes for various uses made,
Religion, revels, luxury, and trade,
All undistinguish'd in one mass appear,
And widely diff'ring are united here,)
I learn her vice and follies to despise,
And love that heav'n, which in the country lies.
The sun in his meridian mounted high
Now warns me to the covert bow'r to fly,
Where trees officious croud around my head,
And twisted woodbine forms a fragrant shade.
No noisy axe thro' all the grove resounds;
No cruel steel the living branches wounds;
Rev'rend in age the wide-spread beech appears,
The lofty oak lives his long date of years.

Here careless on some mossy bank reclin'd,
Lull'd by the murm'ring stream, and whistling wind,
Nor poys'nous asp I fear, nor savage beast,
That wretched swains in other lands infest.
Fir'd with the love of song my voice I raise,
And woo the muses to my country's praise,

Hybernia

Hybernia blest from noxious creatures free,
A privilege indulg'd alone to thee;
Not rich *Arabia* can thy envy move
With all her od'rous gumms and spicy grove;
Where the fell tyger dreadful stalks around,
And peafants tim'rous tread the faithless ground.
Nor covet'st thou *Hesperian* fruits of old,
Where the dire dragon watch'd the growing gold.
Thy sons unhurt thro' all thy region stray,
Pursue their pleasures, to no beast a prey;
Each glade and thicket trace, nor dread to wake
The swelling toad, or rouse the rattling snake.

Whether thy water, air, or soil deny,
To feed their venom, and their rage supply,
The vulgar doubt—or since the general flood
Thy realm has never seen the dang'rous brood—
Believe the muse, she shall old truths revive,
And in her song th'amazing tale shall live.

Once like thy neighbour lands was thine annoy'd;
Thousand untimely deaths thy sons destroy'd:
The lion rav'ning rang'd the lonely wood,
And thro' the valley prowld the wolf for blood;
The wolf-dog then did ev'ry hind attend
To guard his labour, and his rest defend.

But ah ! what foresight could protection bring
From the toad's venom, and the viper's sting !
They with still treach'ry silent fate convey'd
To the poor swain, in thoughtless slumbers laid,
His boiling veins with subtle poyson fill'd,
And, tho' more slowly, yet as surely kill'd.

Thus groan'd thy isle, by various woes oppress'd,
When *Patrick*, ancient saint, a welcome guest,
Came by the silent call of heav'n's command
To plant the Gospel in th'unfaithful land.
Up rose our *Paul* amid the gazing croud,
Demanded silence, and thus spake aloud :

“ I come, said he,—but your belief to move,

“ I'll first my mission by a wonder prove.

“ The swarms of savages that vex your isle,

“ Your mountains ravage, and your forest spoil,

“ No more your fruitful glebe shall desert lay,

“ Affright your children, and your cattel slay.

“ Not ev'n an insect of the poy's'nous kind

“ Henceforth shall in your bounds a refuge find.”

He said—and at his word, each den and cave

Into his pow'r their brood of monsters gave ;

Panthers, and leopards sudden round him swarm'd,

And couch'd submissive, of their rage disarm'd :

Snakes

Snakes, lizards, vipers, scorpions spread the ground,
And toads, now inoffensive, croak'd around:

When, at his word, the wond'ring throng beheld
Their loathly train their laughing fields expell'd,
O'er-power'd they rush into the neighb'ring main,
Ne'er to molest their happy isle again.

All with loud shouts bless their deliv'rer's hand;
Pronounce him patron of their rescu'd land;
Gladly the truths, that he reveals, believe;
And greater blessings from his lips receive.





T H E
H E R M I T.

By Dr. *THO. PARNELL.*

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend HERMIT grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well.
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose;
 'That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost:

So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains report it right ;
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd ;

Words

Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, joyn in heart:
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray:
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play;

Fresh

Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His *cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear:
So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous Actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-cross the plain.

Warn'd

Warn'd by the signs the wand ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the *Miser's* heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coursest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring *Hermit* view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

And

And why shou'd such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face!
When from his vest the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the *Pilgrim's* bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.

}
The

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for Praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a Bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd Cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return: grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?

Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with Roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer Man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.

The

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
Nay, cease to kneel——Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
Than those which lately strook thy wand'ring eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the *cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the Son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

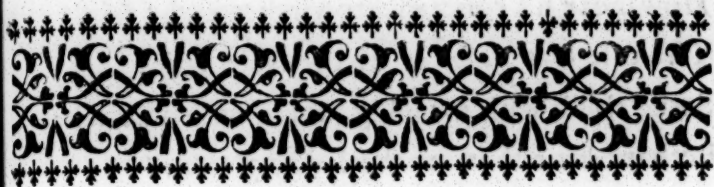
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false *servant* sped in safety back?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind: This tryal o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
Thus look'd *Elisha*, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending HERMIT here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

HESIOD:



H E S I O D:

O R, T H E

R I S E o f W O M A N.

By the Same.

WHAT ancient times (those times we fancy wife)

Have left on long record of *woman's* rise,

What morals teach it, and what fables hide,

What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,

All these I sing. In *Greece* they fram'd the tale

(In *Greece* 'twas thought a *woman* might be frail.)

Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew

His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;

And

And warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was *Hesiod's*; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore, (no matter where or when,
'Twas e'er the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one *Prometheus*, sprung of heav'nly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth.
He carv'd the turf to mold a manly frame,
And stole from *Jove* his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er *Olympus* ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began.

Oh vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a God to find;
A pleasing bosom cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt they curse, yet covet still to feel.

He said; and *Vulcan* strait the fire commands,
To temper mortar with ethereal hands;

In such a shape to mould the rising fair,
As virgin-goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.
'Twas thus the fire ordain'd; the pow'r obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem, to breathe.

As *Vulcan* ends, the chearful *queen* of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms;
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingl'd whiteness glow'd with softer red.
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd;
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle-swimming walk, the courteous sink,
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown,
For decent yielding looks declining down,
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Wou'd own its melting in a mutual fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; *April* show'rs to move;
And all the nature, all the art, of love.

Gold-scepter'd *Juno* next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sov'reign will, and *some* desire to chide:
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger arms the sex.

Minerva (skilful goddess) train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread,
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long web, and close the web with art,
An useful gift; but what profuse expence,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!

Young *Hermes* next, a close-contriving God,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod:
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking am'rous vows for gain,
The price of favours; the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little, pilf'ring temper of a *wife*.

Full on the fair his beams *Apollo* flung,
And fond persuasion tip'd her easy tongue;
He gave her words, where oily flatt'ry lays,
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;

And

And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.

Those sacred *virgins* whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.

To dress the maid, the decent *Graces* brought
A robe in all the dyes of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade
Where pictur'd *Loves* on ev'ry cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that *Vulcan's* art
Had fram'd to merit *Cythera's* heart;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirrour, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.

Fair *Flora* lent her stores, the purpled *hours*
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flow'rs;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purpled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)

Flow'd to the Feet; to copy *Venus* Air,
When *Venus*' Statues have a robe to wear.

The new-sprung creature finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles :
Then conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the the glass, and turning views her face.

A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Thro' time's deep cave the *Sister Fates* explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetick songs deceive.

Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature *Woman*, rises now to reign.
New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to dye;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.

Men, born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time, to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show,

The

The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loytering race the painful bee supports,
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs,
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk drefs, and murm'ring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side ;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share ;
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !
The curse is gen'ral, but the blessing chance.

Thus sung the *Sisters*, while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire ;
The young *Pandora* she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end :
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing ;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
(The present treach'rous, but the bearer more)

'Twas fraught with pangs ; for *Jove* ordain'd above,
That gold shou'd aid, and pangs attend on love.

Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wond'ring he run to catch the falling star ;
But so surpriz'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his Veins the wand'ring passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and ev'ry nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely *Venus* he prefers,
Or swears that *Venus*' must be such as hers.
She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teize,
Neglects his offers while her airs she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down,
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.

“ Now take what *Jove* design'd (she softly cry'd)
“ This box thy portion, and my self thy bride : ”
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.

Unhappy man ! to whom so bright she shone :
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown !
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heav'n was trac'd upon the flatt'ring deep ;

But

ve, But whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise !
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies !

At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods ;
In vain the satyrs rage, the tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No bending age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

When *woman* came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind,
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew :
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And alt'ring nature wore a sickly face :
New terms of folly rose, new states of care ;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair !
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues ;

The mean designs of well-dissembled love ;
 The fordid matches never join'd above ;
 Abroad, the labour, and at home the noise,
 (Man's double suff'rings for domestick joys)
 The curse of jealousy ; expence, and strife ;
 Divorce, the publick brand of shameful life ;
 The rival's sword ; the qualm that takes the fair ;
 Disdain for passion, passion in despair —
 These, and a thousand, yet unnam'd, we find ;
 Ah fear the thousand, yet unnam'd behind !

Thus on *Parnassus* tuneful *Hesiod* sung,
 The mountain eccho'd, and the valley rung,
 The sacred groves a fix'd attention shew,
 The chrystal *Helicon* forbore to flow,
 The sky grew bright, and (if his Verse be true)
 The *Muses* came to give the Laurel too.
 But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
 If *Love* swore vengeance for the tales he writ ?
 Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
 What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate,
 Tho' *when* it happen'd, no relation clears,
 'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
 The neighb'ring woods a native arbour made,

There

There oft a tender pair for am'rous play
Retiring, toy'd the ravish'd hours away;
A *Locrian* Youth, the gentle *Troilus* he,
A fair *Milesian*, kind *Evanthe* she :
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bow'r ;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, ('twas the lover's day)
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay ;
When *Hesiod* wand'ring, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene :
A strong suspicion straight possess'd their mind,
(For poets ever were a gentle kind.)

But when *Evanthe* near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
" Now take, (at once they cry) thy due reward,
And urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
His corps the sea receiv'd. The dolphins bore
('Twas all the gods would do) the corps to shore.

Methinks I view the dead with pitying eyes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise ;
I see the *Muses* round the body cry,
But hear a *Cupid* loudly laughing by ;

He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.

“ Here *Hesiod* lies : Ye future bards, beware
“ How far your moral tales incense the fair :
“ Unlov’d, unloving, ’twas his fate to bleed ;
“ Without his quiver *Cupid* caus’d the deed :
“ He judg’d this turn of malice justly due,
“ And *Hesiod* dy’d for joys he never knew.



S O N G.



S O N G.

By the Same.

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

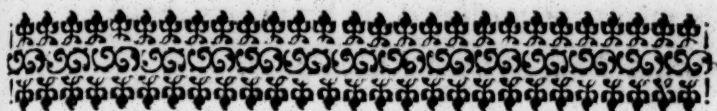
But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' ev'ry vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants
in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

K 6

There's

There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do ;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.





To his Grace the Duke of AR-
 GYLE, upon reading the fol-
 lowing short Preamble to the
 Patent creating him Duke of
 GREENWICH.

*Cum viri illius, cui novos hisce literis pa-
 tentibus Titulos decernimus, & egregia in nos
 Patriamque suam Merita, & illustre Ge-
 nus, & Majorum res gestæ, Historiarum Mo-
 numentis celebratæ, satis inclaruerint, qui-
 bus rationibus adducti sumus eum summo inter
 Proceres honore dignari, nil opus est pluri-
 bus recensere.*

MIndless of fate in these low vile abodes,
 TYRANTS have oft usurp'd the style of Gods;
 But that the MORTAL might be thought DIVINE,
 The HERALD straight new-modell'd *all his line*;
 And venal PRIEST with well-dissembled lye,
Preambled to the crowd the *mimick* DEITY.

Not so great SATURN's son, imperial JOVE
He reigns, unquestion'd, in his realms above :
No title from *descent* HE need infer,
His red right arm proclaims the THUNDERER.

This, CAMPBELL, be thy pride, illustrious Peer!
Alike to shine distinguish'd in your sphere:
All *merit* but your *own* you may disdain,
And KINGS have been your ANCESTORS in vain.





On Lady KATHARINE HYDE'S
Picture, drawn by Sir Godfrey
Kneller.

Venus mistaken.

I.

BY milk-white doves as drawn of old,
Venus the Queen of love,
 Sir *Godfrey*'s paintings to behold,
 Descended from above.

II:

When to the earth the goddess came,
 Pleas'd and surpriz'd she saw
 Thy labours, *Kneller*, and thy fame
Salisbury and *Ranelagh*.

III.

Fixt on *Miranda* streight she cries
 Astonisht, here I trace,

No

No modern shades, no mortal eyes,
Apelles' art, my face.

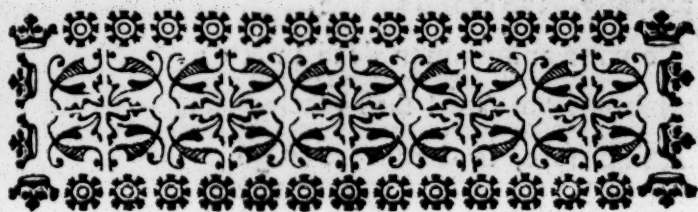
IV.

But soon as her mistake she found,
(I swear by all that's pretty)
I thought the goddess would have swoon'd,
To hear 'twas Lady *Kitty*.

V.

Poor *Venus*, I must fairly tell her
(What cannot be deny'd,)
Apelles is outdone by *Kneller*,
As *Venus* is by *Hyde*.





Verses imitated from the *French*
of Monsieur MAYNARD to
Cardinal RICHLIEU.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

I.

WHEN money, and my blood ran high;
My muse was reckon'd wond'rous pretty:
The *sports* and *smiles* did round her fly,
Enamour'd with her smart *conceits*.

II.

Now (who'd have thought it once?) with pain
She strings her harp, whilst freezing age
But feebly runs thro' ev'ry vein,
And chills my brisk poetick rage.

III.

III.

I properly have ceas'd to live,
To wine and women dead in law ;
And soon from fate I shall receive
A summons, to the shades to go.

IV.

The warrior ghosts will round me come,
To hear o' fam'd *Ramillia's* fight ;
Whilst the vex'd *Bourbons*, thro' the gloom,
Retire to th' utmost realms o' night.

V.

Then I, my Lord, will tell how you
With pensions every muse inspire,
Who *Marlb'rough's* conquests did pursue,
And to his trumpets tun'd the lyre.

VI.

But shou'd some drolling spite demand,
Well, Sir, what place had you, I pray ?
How like a coxcomb should I stand !
What would your Lordship have me say ?





On the River DANUBE.

SEE how the wand'ring *Danube* flows,
Realms and Religions parting ;
A friend to all true christian foes,
 To *Peter, Jack, and Martin.*
Now protestant, and papist now ;
 Not constant long to either,
At length an infidel does grow,
 And ends his journey, neither.
Thus many a youth I've known set out
 Half protestant, half papist,
And rambling long the world about,
 Turn infidel or atheist.

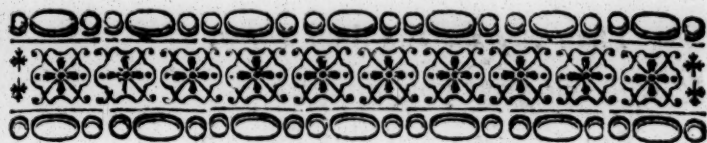




THE
OLD GENTRY,
Out of *French*.

THAT all from *Adam* first begun,
Sure none (but *Wh—ston*) doubts ;
And that his son, and his son's son
Were plowmen, clowns and louts :
Here lies the only diff'rence now ;
Some shot off late, some soon,
Your fires i'th' morning left their plow,
And ours i'th' afternoon.





The MONSTER of RAGUSA, as it
was seen in the *Flying-Post*,
Feb. 1716. An excellent new
Ballad.

A *Pollo* I will not implore
For he in fables deals :
And eke that man I do abhor
Who wrote the *Persian-Tales*.

Whoe'er in *February* last
Of *Flying-Post* the news saw,
Did read with terror much aghast
The *Monster of Ragusa*.

How *Proteus* left his watry couch
The *Pagan* poets tell,
He had more shapes than *Scharamouch*,
And in the deep did dwell.

Their

Their *Proteus* and his flock so fair,
Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,
If with this giant you compare
Are monsters you may sh— on.

His stature it was wond'rous high,
High as the tow'r of *Babel*,
So that his head propt up the sky
Is most high-ly probable.

On a whale's back he sat full fast ;
A dolphin was his dog ;
With cable rope ty'd to a mast
His whale he oft did flog.

Beneath his arms did muscles cling,
And congers suck'd each pap :
Behind his buttocks hung two ling,
That always went *flip flap*.

Oysters about him stuck like warts ;
Eels twisted round his tail ;
Crabs clamber'd up his privy parts,
Which he crackt on his nail.

His very sneezing shook the shore,
 He cough'd the ground afunder,
 His voice was like the cannon's roar,
 And he broke wind like thunder.]

None did him see that stood him near,
 Or knew the words he said ;
 For few cou'd see and few cou'd hear
 Since all the folks were dead.

O monster ! monster ! who cou'd know
 The words that from thee came ?
Rome, and *Jerusalem* also,
 Both heard and told the same.

Much he of *Antichrist* held forth,
 And much of the *Pretender*,
 Much of a monarch in the north,
 That once did lodge at *Bender*,

He talked of the King of *France*,
 Of *English* Whig and Tory,
 And how their jars do much advance
Great-Britain's pow'r and glory !

The

The Pope's the whore of *Babylon*,

The Turk he is a Jew,

The Christian is an infidel

That sitteth in a pew.

And yet the Pope shall christian turn

In hopes of his salvation ;

As—*l* likewise and *T*—*d* burn

At stake for revelation.

'Gainst paint and play-houses he spoke,

Hoop'd-petticoats and tea,

And vintners vile that poison folk,

And snuff and sodomy.

This said, he back to sea did slip,

(But first eat fifty muttons)

And of his tail cocks up the tip

Long as the worm at *B*—*n*'s.

O *B*—*n* do not advertize

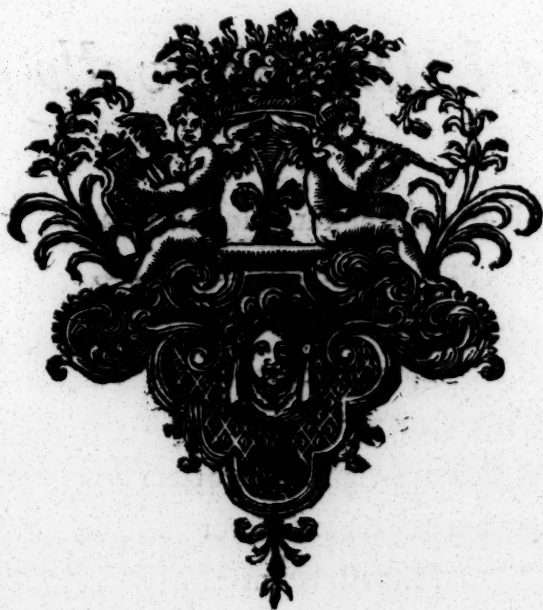
Nor thy huge worm so brag on :

This giant voided of vast size

A mighty flying dragon.

And

And tho' his belly made great roar
And rais'd the tempest louder :
'Tis said he never knew *John More*,
Nor swallow'd his worm-powder.





Charlettus Percivallo suo.

HORA dum nondum sonuit secunda,
 Nec puer nigras tepefecit undas,
 Acer ad notos calamus labores

Sponte recurrit.

Quid priùs nostris potiùsve chartis
 Illinam ? Cuinam vigil ante noctem
 Sole depulsam redeunte scriptor

Mitto salutem ?

Tu meis chartis, *bone Percivalle,*
 Unicè dignus ; tibi pectus implet
 Non minor nostro novitatis ardor ;
 Tu quoque Scriptor.

Detulit



Percivallus Charletto suo.

QUALIS ambabus capiendus ulnis
 Limen attingit tibi gratus hospes,
 Quum sacras primùm subit aut relinquit

Isidis arces ;

Qualis exultat tibi pars mamillæ
 Læva, quum cantu propiore strident
 Missiles, & jam moneant adesse

Cornua, chartas ;

Tale per nostrum jecur & medullas
 Gaudium fluxit, simul ac reclusis
 Vinculis vidi benè literati

Nomen amici.

L 2

Obvios

Detulit rumor (mihi multa defert
Rumor) in sylvis modò te dedisse
Furibus prædam, mediumque belli im-
pune stetisse.

Saucius num vivit adhuc caballus
Anne ? Ierneis potiora gazis,
An, tuâ vitâ tibi chariora,

Scripta supersunt ?

Cui legis nostras, relegisque chartas ?
Cui meam laudas generositatem ?
Quem meis verbis, mea nescientem,
Manè salutas ?

Scribe securus, quid agit senatus,
Quid caput stertit grave *Lambethanum*,
Quid *Comes Guilford*, quid habent novorum
Dawksque Dyerque.

Me meus, quondum tuus, è popinis
Jenny jam visit, lacrymansque narrat,
Dum molit fucos, subito peremptum
Funere *Rixon*.

Narrat (avertat Deus inquit omen)
Hospitem notæ periisse *Mitra* ;
Narrat immersam prope limen urbis
Flumine cymbam,

Narrat

Obvios fures, uti fama verax
Retulit, sensu pavidus tremensque;
Sed fui, sumque, excipias timorem,
Cætera sospes.

Scire si sylvam cupias pericli
Consciam, & tristes nemoris tenebras,
Consulas lentè tabulas parantem
Te duce *Colum.*

Flebilis legi miseranda docti
Fata pictoris, sed & hinc iniqua
Damna consolor, superest perempto
Rixone Wildgoose.

Quæ tamen mitram mulier labantem
Fulciet? munus vetulæ parentis
Anna præstabit, nisi fors Ierni
Hospita cygni.

Lætus accepi celeres vigere
Pricketi plantas, simul ambulanti
Plaudo *Sherwino*, pueroque *Davo*
Mitto salutem.

Jenny, post *Hinton*, comitum tuorum
Primus, ante omnes mihi gratulandus,
Qui tibi totus vacat, & vacabit.
Nec vetat *Uxor.*

Narrat—at portis meus *Hinton* astat,
Nuncius *Pricket* redit, advocat me
Sherwin, & scribendæ aliò requirunt
Mille tabellæ.



Hæc ego lusi properante musâ,
Lesbia vatis numeros fecutus :
 Si novi quid fit, meliùs docebit
 Sermo pedestris.

P. S.

*Cœnitant mecum comites Iernâ,
 Multa qui de te memorant culullos
 Inter, & pulli, vice literarum,
 Crus tibi mittunt.*





The two Friends. - Imitated from
Monsieur de la Fontain.

F^{Reeman} and *Wild*, two hot young gallants,
Fam'd thro' the town for swinging talents,
At making, or at acting love,
And *Beaux* too, over and above :
Like friends, had a fine buxom woman,
(Like friends indeed, you'll say) in common.
Now one of these two sparks attack'd her
So furiously, so like a *Hector*,
He got a girl, who to a tittle
Her mother's picture was in little.
When both *Jack Freeman* and *Ned Wild*,
Would own the fair and chopping child ;
Both own the Babe ! (and who would not ?)
Sweet as the sin, by which 'twas got !
Ned, that he's sure he got her, cries,
She has his dimples, and his eyes.

That

That she was his, *Jack Freeman* swore,
 That she resembled him all o'er ———
 The dev'l was not more like a *Moor*.
 But when, at length, the girl began
 To grow capacious of a man,
 Changing their minds, each spark chose rather
 To be the sinner than the father.
 Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, *Jack*, this lass
 Is thy own flesh and blood, she has
 The very leer of lewd *Jack Freeman*.——
 'Adz—— that sham won't pass on me, man;
 (Cries *Freeman* to his brother *Wild*)
 Mine is the lass, and thine the child.——
 Cries *Wild* to *Freeman*, thou'lt be damn'd——
 Ay, ay, *Ned*,—— but I won't be shamm'd.





On the first fit of the GOUT.

Welcome thou friendly earnest of fourscore }
 Promise of wealth, that hast alone the pow'r }
 T'attend the rich unenvy'd by the poor.

Thou that dost *Æsculapius* deride,
 And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
 Thou that art us'd t'attend the royal throne,
 And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
 Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
 And guard from drouzy sleep the eyes of state;
 Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
 And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;
 Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe,
 Emphatically urge the pains below;
 Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
 And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;

Thou

Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee;
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea :
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free ;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me ?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow ?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O — !

As *Jove* vouchsaf'd on *Ida*'s top, 'tis said,
At poor *Philemon*'s cot to take a bed ;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bad him ask, and granted his request ;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on *Venus*, by the God of wine)
My humble suit : — And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.





VERSES made to a Simile of Mr. POPE'S.

By Mr. ROWE.

WHEN at our house the servants brawl,
 And raise an uproar in the hall;
 When *John* the butler, and our *Mary*,
 About the plate and linen vary:
 Till the smart dialogue grows rich,
 In sneaking dog! and ugly bitch!
 Down comes my Lady like the devil,
 And makes them silent all and civil.
 Thus cannon clears the cloudy air,
 And scatters tempests brewing there:
 Thus bullies sometimes keep the peace,
 And one scold makes another cease.





A Pindarick O D E.

*To the happy Memory of the most
renown'd DU VAL.*

By the Author of HUDIBRAS.

I.

'TIS true, to complement the dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again.
Or, like the *Tartars*, give 'em wives,
With settlements for after-lives.
For all that can be done or said,
Tho' ne'er so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.

AN

All our fine flights, and tricks of art,
 First to create, and then adore desert;
 And those romances which we frame,
 To raise ourselves, not them a name,
 In vain are stuff with ranting flatteries,
 And such, as if they knew, they would despise:
 For as those times, the golden age they call,
 In which there was no gold at all;
 So we plant glory and renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known.
 But to worse purpose many times,
 To varnish o'er nefarious crimes,
 And cheat the world that never seems to mind,
 How good or bad men dye, but what they leave be-
 hind.

II.

And yet the brave *du Val*, whose name,
 Can never be worn out by fame,
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
 A great example to mankind:
 That fell a publick sacrifice,
 From ruin to prevent those few
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true;
 And teach the world to be more just and wise,

Ought

Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in the silent chest,
Not for his own, but publick interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
Th' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made ev'ry day he had to live,
To his last minute, a preparative.
Taught the wild *Arabs* on the road
To act in a more genteel mode,
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *Filous*,
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion,
Than e'er was known before to the dull *English*
Nation.

III.

In *France*, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and courts are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat,
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink, and how to eat,
No out-of-fashion wine or meat.
To understand crevats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes.

To

To know the age and pedigrees,
 Of points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
 Cast their nativity, and to a day
 Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay,
 'Taffect the purest negligences,
 In gestures, gaits, and miens,
 And speak by repartee routines,
 Out of the most authentick of romances;
 And to demonstrate with substantial reason,
 What ribbands all the year are in or out of season.

IV.

To this great academy of mankind
 He ow'd his birth and education,
 Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
 They understand by imitation;
 Are taught, improve before they are aware,
 As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
 That naturally does dispense
 To all a deep and solid confidence.
 A virtue of that precious use,
 That he whom bounteous heav'n endues
 But with a mod'rate shew of it,
 Can want no worth, abilities, nor wit.

In all the deep *hermetick* arts,
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his nat'ral parts,
And with his magick rod could sound,
Where hidden treasure might be found,
He, like a lord o'th' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful waif and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and try'd his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse;
Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declared all caravans that go
Upon the king's high way, his foe,
Made many desperate attacks,
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions ranks and trades,
On carriers loads, and pedlars packs,
Made them lay down their arms and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had got before.

And

And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field;
In ev'ry bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on :
For no man is judged fit to have the care
Of other's lives, until he's made it known,
How much he does despise, and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole provinces 'twixt sun and sun,
Have by his conqu'ring sword been won ;
And mighty sums of money laid
For ransom upon ev'ry man,
And hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid
Th' excise, and chimney-publican,
The Jew-forestaller and Inhanser,
To him for their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell
Of all his foes, the constable,
That oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him, and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyers fees,
That in his own allow'd high-way,
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when th' encounter in it, wins the day ;

Safe.

Safe in his garrison, the court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,
To the stern foe he oft gave quarter,
But as the *Scotchman* did to *Tartar*,
That he in time to come
Might in return from him receive his doom.

VII.

He would have starv'd this mighty town,
And brought his haughty spirit down;
Have cut it off from all relief :
And like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault,
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And those that bring up cheese and malt,
Or bacon from remoter parts.
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desp'rate road ;
He made th'undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higler contribution pay ;
The savage butcher, and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover ;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time he'd made the city yield,

For

For great towns, like the crocodiles, are found
I'th' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

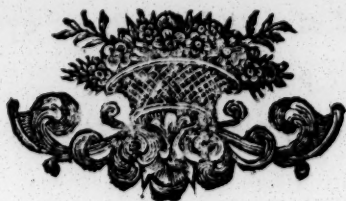
VIII.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd,
In which his stars began to frown;
And had in close cabal contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down;
When he, by num'rous foes oppress'd,
Was in th' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Left he by force or stratagem,
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them;
And break thro' all their locks, and bolts, and wards,
He'd both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge out-witted,
As Jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater charge.
Than those of meaner rates ;
So he was in stone walls, and pondrous chains, and
iron grates.

IX.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close pris'ners, hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made 'em yield up love and honour too,
But in more brave heroicks
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays :
For those two spiteful foes who never meet
But full of hot contest and piques,
About punctilio's and meer tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
And far more generous and free,
With only looking on him did agree,
Both fully satisfy'd ; the one
With the fresh lawrels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms ;
The other with his person and his charms :
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glass ;
So while the ladies view his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas ! were taken by surprize.

Never did bold knight to relieve
Distressed dames such dreadful feats atchieve,
As feeble damsels for his sake
Would have been proud to undertake,
And bravely ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him :
But finding all their hopes in vain,
To move his fixt determin'd fate,
They life it self began to hate,
And all the world beside disdain :
Made loud appeals and moans
To less hard-harted grates and stones,
Came swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers :
And follow'd him like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.





A Ballad on the JUBILEE.

By Mr. HALL of Hereford.

I.

COME beaus, virtuosos, rich heirs and musicians,

Away, and in troops to the jubilee jog,
Leave discord and death to the college physicians,

Let the vig'rous whore on, and the impotent flog:
Already *Rome* opens her arms to receive ye,
And of every transgression her lord will forgive ye.

II.

Indulgences, pardons, and such holy lumber,

As cheap are there now as our cabbages grown; |
Whilst musty old relicks of saints without number, |
For barely the looking upon shall be shown :

These,

These, were you an atheist would needs overcome ye,
That first were made martyrs, and afterwards mummy.

III.

They'll shew you the river so sung by the poet,
With the rock from whence mortals were knock'd
on the head :

They'll shew you the place too, as some will avow it,
Where once a she-pope was brought fairly to bed.
For which ever since to prevent interloping,
In a chair her successors still suffer a groping.

IV.

What a sight 'tis to see the gay idol accoutr'd
With mitre and cope, and two keys by his side ?
Be his inside what 'twill, yet the pomp of his outward
Shows *Servus Servorum* no hater of pride.
These keys into heaven will as surely admit ye,
As the clerks of a parish to a pew in the city.

V.

What a sight 'tis to see the old man in procession,
Thro' *Rome* in such pomp as her *Cæsars* did ride ?
Here scatt'ring of pardons, there crossing and blessing,
With all his shav'd, spiritual train-band by his side :

As

As confessors, cardinals, monks fat as bacons,
From rev'rend archbishops to rosie archdeacons.

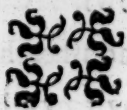
VI.

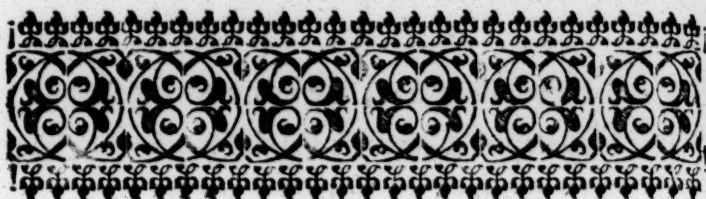
Then for your diversion, the more to regale ye,
Fine musick you'll hear, and high dancing you'll see;
Men who much shall out-warble your am'rous *fideli*,
And make you meer fools of *Balloon* and *l' Abbee*:
And to shew you how fond they're to kiss *vostras*
manus,

Each *padre* turns pimp, and all nuns *courtezanas*.

VII.

And when you've some months at old *Babylon* been a;
And on panders and punks all your rhino is spent;
And when you have seen all that's there to be seen a,
You'll return not so rich, tho' as wise as you went.
And 'twill be but small comfort, after so much ex-
pence a,
That your heirs will do so just a hundred years
hence a.



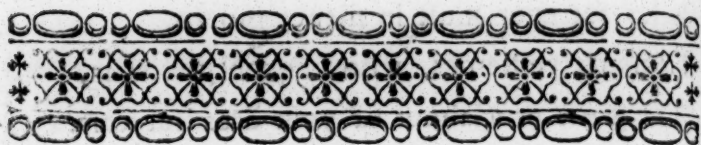


On the Death of Old BENNET the News-Cryer.

ONE evening, when the sun was just gone down
 As I was walking thro' the noisy town,
 A sudden silence thro' each street was spread,
 'As if the soul of *London* had been fled.
 Much I enquir'd the cause, but could not hear,
 'Till fame, so frighten'd that she did not dare
 To raise her voice, thus whisper'd in my ear:
Bennet, the prince of hawkers, is no more,
Bennet, my herald on the *British* shore;
Bennet, by whom I own my self out-done,
 Tho' I an hundred mouths, he had but one.
 He, when the list'ning town he would amuse,
 Made echo tremble with his bloody news,

No more shall echo now his voice return,
Echo for ever must in silence mourn.
Lament, ye heroes, who frequent the wars,
The great proclaimer of your dreadful scars.
Thus wept the conqueror that the world o'ercame;
Homer was wanting to enlarge his fame :
Homer, the first of Hawkers that is known,
Great news from *Troy* cry'd up and down the town;
None like him has there been for ages past,
Till our Stentorian *Bennet* came at last :
Homer and *Bennet* were in this agreed,
Homer was blind, and *Bennet* could not read:





A N

EPISTLE

T O

Thomas Lambard, Esq;

*Omnia me tua delectant; sed maximè, maxima cum
fides in amicitia, consilium gravitas, constantia; tum
lepos, humanitas, litera. Cic. Ep. 27. lib. 11.*

SLOW tho' I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet shou'd the muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
(That fav'rite verse to *Lambard* I decree:
Such may the muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!

Meantime

Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of *Rome* and *Athens* please,
By *Orrery's* indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival muses strive to grace,
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now, truth's bright charms employ my serious
thought,

In flowing eloquence by *Tully* taught:
Then, from the shades of *Tusculum* I rove,
And studious wander in the *Grecian* grove;
While wonder, and delight the soul engage,
To sound the depths of *Plato's* sacred page:
Where science in attractive fable lies,
And veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes;
Transported thence, the flow'ry heights I gain
Of *Pindus*; and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the ling'ring fun,
And heirs impatient, wish for twenty one:

So dull to * *Horace* did the moments glide;
 Till his free muse her sprightly force employ'd
 To combat vice; and follies to expose,
 In easy numbers near ally'd to prose:
 Guilt blush'd, and trembled when she heard him
 sing,

He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
 With such a graceful negligence express,
 Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
 But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
 And from gross images, wou'd merit praise,
 When nature sets the noblest stores in view;
 Affects to polish copper in *Peru*.

So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
 The saltness of their waves offends the taste;
 But when to heav'n exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
 And fragrant dews, they fall, to cheer the swain,
 Revive the fainting flowr's, and swell the meagre
 grain,

Be this their care, who studious of renown,
 Toil up th' *Aonian* steep to reach the crown:

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old *Dryden* emulous of *Cæsar's* praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And death perhaps to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an *Alexandrine* short.
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line!
Shou'd lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the Boy began;
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might e'er long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave;
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the muse's horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair:
Grave as *Libanius*, flumb'ring o'er the laws,
Whilst gold, and party zeal decide the cause:
A nobler task our riper age affords,
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.

To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow:
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The *Now*, without repining at the *Past*;
Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t'employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy:
To live tenacious of the golden mean;
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want without dismay:
These Arts, my *Lambard*! useful in their end,
Make man to others, and himself, a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who timely wise,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys:
With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fears appalls,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthalls;
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile:
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines thro' clear simplicity.
Tho' no rich labours of the *Persian* loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art adorn his room;

Sleep

Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies:
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford.
Like the great *Trojan*, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen he sees the lab'ring croud;
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun:
Some by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold;
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir.
Others devour ambition's glitt'ring bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their pow'rs to ev'ry wild extream,
For the short pageant of a pompous dream.
Nor can the mind to full Perfection bring
The fruits, it early promis'd in the spring;
But in a publick sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade.
So while the night her ebon scepter sways,
Her fragrant Blooms the * *Indian* plant displays;

* *The Nure-Tre.*

But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and ficken at the sun.

Fantastic Joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash carier.
Fame, pow'r, and wealth, which glitter at the goal
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul:
For these, are ease and innocence resign'd;
For these he strips; *farewell the tranquil mind!*
Headstrong he urges on, 'till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails.
But, in his ev'ning, view the hoary fool
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
When joy, and blusky youth forsake his face;
Sickly'd with age, and sow'r with self-disgrace.
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Musick is harsh, the *Syren* sings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that last Scene, by fate in fables drest,
Thy pow'r, triumphant virtue! is confest:
Thy vestal flames diffuse cœlestial light,
Thro' death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flatt'ring fortune fail.

Such

Such, happy *Twysden*! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
So *Cassia* bruis'd, exhales her rich perfumes:
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.

Most spoil the boon that nature's pleas'd t' impart
By too much varnish, or by want of art:
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd;
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd,
Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow;
As *Rome* receiv'd dictators from the plow:
But arts, address, and force of genius join,
To make a *Hammer* in the senate shine.
Yet, one presiding pow'r in ev'ry breast,
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest:
And they who study, and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excell;
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
*W * * n* perhaps in *Euclid* may succeed;
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage, ev'ry blooming grace
Fix love's bright throne in *Teraminta's* face;

With which her faultless shape and air agree;
 But wanting wit, she strives to repartee:
 And ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
 Lest envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
 By long experience D * * y may, no doubt,
 Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
 Yet *Dryden* once exclaim'd (in partial spite!)
He Fish! — because the man attempts to write.
 Oh, if the water-Nymphs were kind to none,
 But those the muses bath in *Helicon*;
 In what far distant age wou'd *Belgia* raise
 One happy wit, to net the *British* seas!

Nature permits her various gifts to fall
 On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
 The *Lacian* vales eternal verdure wear,
 And flow'rs spontaneous crown the smiling year;
 But who manures a wild *Norwegian* Hill,
 To raise the jes'min, or the coy junquil?
 Who finds the peach among the savage floes?
 Or in bleak *Scythia* seeks the blushing rose?
 Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields;
 And there the vine her racy purple yields.
 High on the cliffs the *British* oak ascends,
 Proud to survey the seas her pow'r defends;

Her sov'reign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer *India's* spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear :
That, which more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glitt'ring arms, and thirst of fame is fir'd :
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part ;
Shou'd the sage dress, and flutter in the *Mall*,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball :
Shou'd the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only, murder men ;
Shou'd the soft fop forsake the ladies charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms ;
Each wou'd variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new *Cervantes* to record

Whither, you cry, tends all this dry discourse ?
To prove, like *Hudibras*, a man's no horse !
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
To frisk my fancy with ; but, sooth to say !

From

From her *Apollo* now the muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms, more than tropes.

Faith, sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phleam,
And council-proof, will never balk a theme.
So *Burgefs* on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe thro' error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays:
But that bright daughter of eternal Day,
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Tho' no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active pow'rs to rest;
Tho' on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne.
Or to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to shew the way;
And,

And in life's voyage like the pilot fares,
 Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
 To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
 Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
 Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
 Each to his end a different path pursues;
 And seldom is one wretch so humble known,
 To think his friend's a better than his own:
 The boldest they, who least partake the light;
 As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
 Nor shame, nor ruin can our pride abate,
 But what became our choice, we call our fate.
 Villain, said *Zeno* to his pilfering slave,
 What frugal nature needs I freely gave;
 With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
 What cou'd provoke thee now to prove unjust?
 Sir, blame the stars, felonious *Culprit* cry'd.
 We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
 If their strong influence all our actions urge,
 Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
 The beadle must obey the fates decree,
 As powerful destiny prevail'd with thee.

This Heathen logic seems to bear too hard
 On me, and many a harmless modern bard;

The

The criticks hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read:
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkees draw their pedigree from man;
To which (tho' by the breed our kinds disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste.
But in their own defence the wits observe,
That, by impulse from heav'n, they write, and starve:
Their patron planet, with resistless Pow'r,
Irradiates ev'ry poet's natal hour;
Engend'ring in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt:
Else from their garrets wou'd they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain,
As flatt'ry's smooth insinuating bane.
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And reason oft' submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd,
When flatt'ry's magic mists suffuse the sight,
The *Don* is active, and the *Boor* polite:
Her mirror shews perfection thro' the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;

Each

Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to sooth our pride,
Tho' praise to venom turns if wrong apply'd.
Me thus she whispers while I write to you:
Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review;
Then ev'ry muse invoke thy voice to raise,
Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays;
Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
*Such as the son of Thetis * sung at Troy;*
When his high sounding lyre his valour rais'd;
To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
By France the genius of the fight confest,
For which our patron saint adorns his breast.—
Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his *Men of Kent*;
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physick or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?

* Iliad 9.

O often

O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great *Argyle*.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the fly commerce of alternate praise,
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight;
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which *Swift*, and *Pope*, and *Prior* wou'd explode;
Tho' ev'ry stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddeses descend in ivory cars:
Is it for me, to prove in ev'ry part
The piece irregular, by laws of art?
His genius looks but aukward, yet his fate
May raise him to be *premier bard* of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame:
Then cry, in seeming transport while I speak,
'Tis well for *Pindar* that he dealt in *Greek*!
He conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And courteous, with increase the debt repays:

Boileau's

Boileau's a Mushroom if compar'd to me;
And, *Horace*, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both ravish'd, sing *Te Phœbum* for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels! boy! bespeak the press.—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes 'till all refuse to print, or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To * *Brisquet's* calendar, a rubrick Ass.

Few, wond'rous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain disease or blemish in the mind:
Few can, tho' wisdom shou'd their health insure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth refus'd t'obey the needful reign.
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the keen desire of ev'ry sense;
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence.
Yet all are *Solons* in their own conceit,
Tho', to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly, and pride impatient of controul,
The sister-twins of sloath, possess the soul.
By *Kneller* were the gay *Pumilio* drawn,
Like great *Alcides*, with a back of brawn:

* *Brisquet*, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a Calendar of Fools.

I scarcely

I scarcely think his picture wou'd have pow'r,
To make him fight the champions of the tow'r:
Tho' lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came,
But yet without experience, sense or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

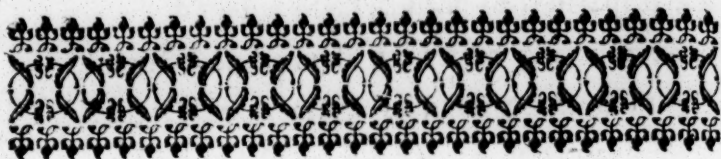
When *Philomel* of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring;
Th' aerial songsters list'ning to the lays,
By silent extasy confess her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat;
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him thro' the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Low'ring his crest, he creeps to *Juno's* fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess; known
By her fair rowling eyes, and ratt'ling tone.

My

My fav'rite Bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd.
The tow'ring eagles, to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right:
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state:
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green em'rald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the wood and choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging Will of *Jove*:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.





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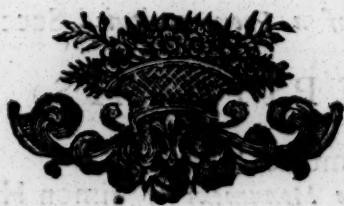
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